

EVANS 17750

SABIN 97212

FIRST COMPLETE ED. RARE  
A REPRINT FROM THIS  
EDITION WITH INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES WAS PUBLISHED  
BY BENJAMIN J. LOSSING IN  
NEW YORK IN 1860, 1864 + 1880.

(By JOHN TRUMBULL)

*W Bulkeley Glaze*  
**M<sup>c</sup> FINGAL:**

*Geo. Beech*  
**A M O D E R N**

**E P I C P O E M,**

**I N F O U R C A N T O S.**

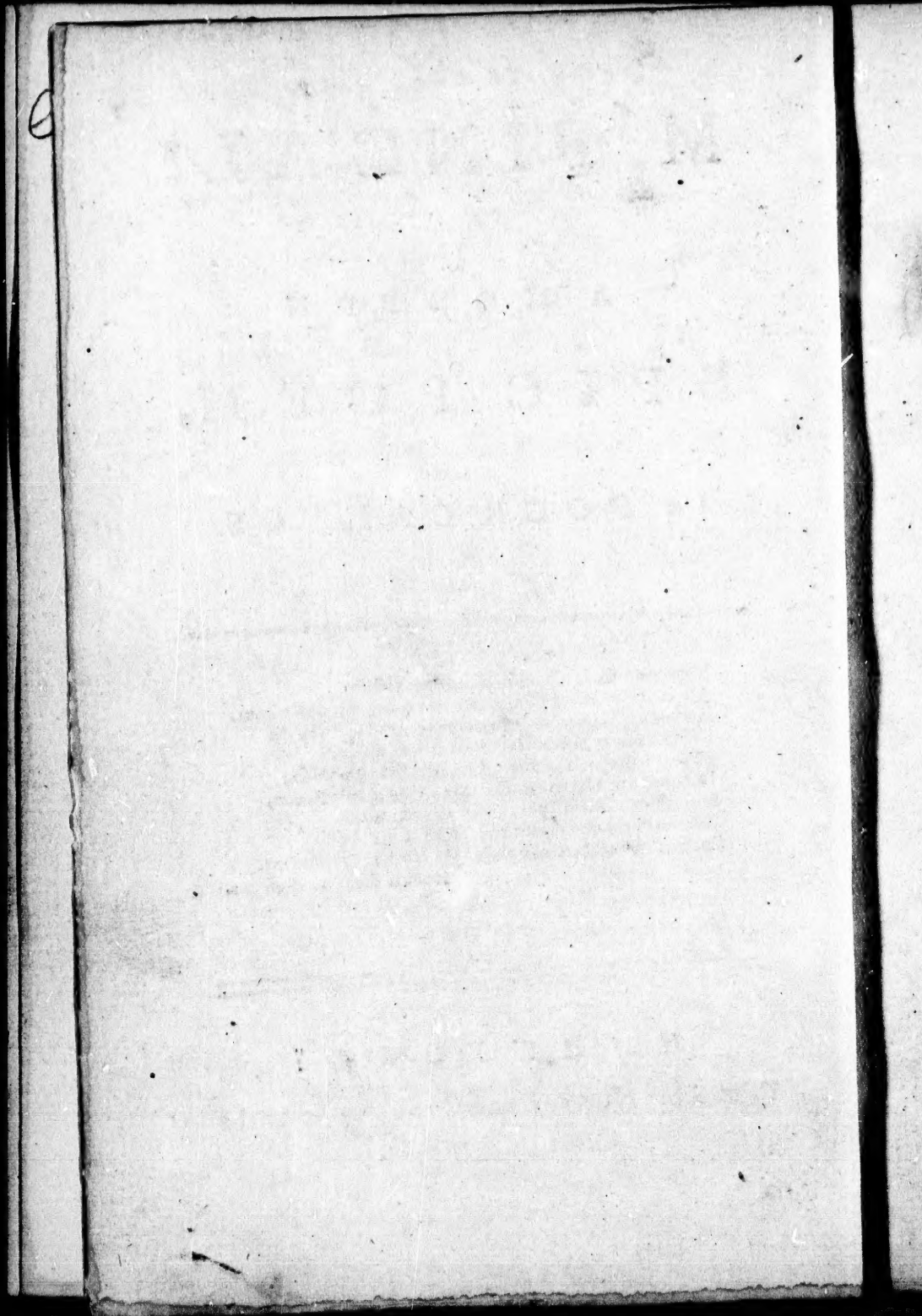
---

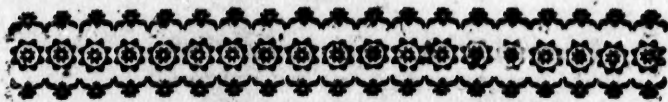
Argo non satis est risu diducere ridum  
Auditoris: et est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus;  
Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures.  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,  
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris, atque Poetæ;  
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus atque  
Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri  
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;  
Morat. Lib. 1. Sat. 10;

---

**H A R T F O R D :**

Printed by HUDSON and GOODWIN, near the  
Great Bridge, 1782.





# M'FINGAL:

CANTO FIRST,

CH

THE TOWN-MEETING, A.M.

**W**HEN Yankies, skill'd in martial rule,  
First put the British troops to school;  
Instructed them in warlike trade,  
And new manœuvres of parade;  
The true war-dance of Yanky-reels,  
And *manual exercise* of heels;  
Made them give up, like saints complete,  
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,  
And work, like Christians undissembling,  
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;  
Taught Percy fashionable races,  
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces:  
From Botton, in his best array,  
Great 'Squire M'Fingal took his way,

And



And graced with ensigns of renown,  
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace  
To \* Ossian's famed Fingalian race :  
For tho' their name some part may lack,  
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac ;  
Which great M'Pherson, with submission  
We hope will add, the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands  
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands ;  
Whence gain'd our Squire two gifts by right,  
Rebellion and the Second-sight,  
Of these the first, in ancient days,  
Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,  
'Gainst Kings stood forth and many a crown'd head  
With terror of its might confounded ;  
Till rose a King with potent charm  
His foes by goodness to disarm,  
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite  
Strait fell in love with, at first sight ;  
Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,  
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,  
And with the sound of potent metal,  
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle ;  
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,  
Till loud Sedition sung hosannahs ;  
The good Lords-Bishops and the Kirk  
United in the public work ;  
Rebellion from the northern regions,  
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance ;  
And all combin'd to raze as nuisance,  
Of church and state, the constitutions ;  
Pull down the empire, on whose ruins  
They meant to edify their new ones ;

Enslave

\* See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, published as the  
work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard, of the third century,  
by James M'Pherson, a Scotch ministerial scribbler.

Enslave th' Amer'can wildernesses,  
 And tear the provinces in pieces  
 For these our 'Squire among the valiant'st,  
 Employ'd his time and tools and talents ;  
 And in their cause with manly zeal  
 Used his first virtue, to rebel ;  
 And found this new rebellion pleasing  
 As his old king-destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,  
 And Scottish gift of second-sight.  
 No antient sybil fam'd in rhyme  
 Saw deeper in the womb of time ;  
 No block in old Dodona's grove,  
 Could ever more orac'lar prove.  
 Nor only saw he all that was,  
 But much that never came to pass ;  
 Whereby all Prophets far outwent he,  
 Tho' former days produc'd a plenty :  
 For any man with half an eye,  
 What stands before him may espy ;  
 But optics sharp it needs I ween,  
 To see what is not to be seen.

As in the days of antient fame  
 Prophets and poets were the same,  
 And all the praise that poets gain  
 Is but for what th' invent and feign :  
 So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seeing  
 Such things as never would have being.  
 Whence he for oracles was grown  
 The very † tripod of his town.  
 Gazettes no sooner rose a lye in,  
 But strait he fell to prophesying ;  
 Made dreadful slaughter in his course,  
 O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse ;

Brought

† The Tripod was a sacred three-legged stool, from which the antient priests uttered their oracles.

Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings  
 Of Hanoverians, Swifs and Hessians;  
 Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,  
 And hang'd all rebels, to a man;  
 Divided their estates and pelf,  
 And took a goodly share himself.  
 All this with spirit energetic,  
 He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,  
 Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches,  
 Where strength of brains united centers  
 With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.  
 But as some musquets so contrive it,  
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,  
 And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,  
 Bear wide and kick their owners over:  
 So far'd our 'Squire; whose reas'ning toil  
 Would often on himself recoil,  
 And so much injur'd more his side,  
 The stronger arg'uments he applied:  
 As old war-elephants dismay'd,  
 Trode down the troops they came to aid,  
 And hurt their own side more in battle  
 Than less and ordinary cattle.  
 Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief  
 Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,  
 And as he motion'd, all by rote  
 Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our Hero's scene of action,  
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction,  
 And as each party's strength prevails,  
 It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails;  
 With constant rattling in a trice  
 Show'd various sides as oft as dice:  
 As that fam'd weaver, \* wife t' Ulysses,  
 By night each day's-work pick'd in pieces,

And

And tho' she stoutly did bestir her,  
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer ;  
 So did this town with stedfast zeal  
 Weave cob-webs for the public weal,  
 Which when compleated, or before,  
 A second vote in pieces tore.  
 They met, made speeches full long winded,  
 Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded ;  
 Addresses sign'd, then chose Committees,  
 To stop all drinking of Bohea-teas ;  
 With winds of doctrine veer'd about,  
 And turn'd all Whig-Committees out.  
 Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,  
 In pomp the tory faction led,  
 Still following, as the 'Squire should please,  
 Successive on, like files of geese.

And now the town was summon'd greeting,  
 To grand parading of town-meeting ;  
 A show, that strangers might appall,  
 As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.  
 High o'er the rout, on pulpit-stairs,  
 Like den of thieves in house of pray'rs,  
 (That house, which loth a rule to break,  
 Serv'd heav'n but one day in the week,  
 Open the rest for all supplies  
 Of news and politics and lies)  
 Stood forth the constable, and bore  
 His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,  
 Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,  
 As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.  
 Above and near th' hermetic staff,  
 The moderator's upper half,  
 In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,  
 Like Sol half-seen behind a cloud.  
 Beneath stood voters of all colours,  
 Whigs, tories, orators and bawlers,

And

With



With ev'ry tongue in either faction,  
 Prepared, like minute-men, for action ;  
 Where truth and falshood, wrong and right,  
 Draw all their legions out to fight ;  
 With equal uproar, scarcely rave  
 Opposing winds in Æolus' cave ;  
 Such dialogues with earnest face,  
 Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest  
 Honorius first the crowd address'd ;  
 When now our 'Squire returning late,  
 Arrived to aid the grand debate,  
 With strange four faces sat him down,  
 While thus the orator went on.

" ---For ages blest, thus Britain rose  
 The terror of encircling foes ;  
 Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain ;  
 Her conq'ring standard aw'd the main :  
 The diff'rent palms her triumphs grace,  
 Of arms in war, of arts in peace :  
 Unharrafs'd by maternal care,  
 Each rising province flourish'd fair ;  
 Whose various wealth with lib'ral hand,  
 By far o'er-paid the parent-land.  
 But tho' so bright her sun might shine,  
 'Twas quickly hasting to decline,  
 With feeble rays, too weak t' assuage,  
 The damps, that chill the eve of age.

For states, like men, are doom'd as well  
 Th' infirmities of age to feel ;  
 And from their diff'rent forms of empire  
 Are seiz'd with ev'ry deep distemper.  
 Some states high fevers have made head in,  
 Which nought could cure but copious bleeding ;  
 While others have grown dull and dozy,  
 Or fix'd in helpless idiocy ;

Or

Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour  
 Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;  
 Or vex'd with hypocondriac fits,  
 Have broke their strength and lost their wits.

Thus now while hoary years prevail,  
 Good Mother Britain seem'd to fail;  
 Her back bent, crippled with the weight  
 Of age and debts and cares of state:  
 For debts she ow'd, and those so large,  
 As twice her wealth could not discharge,  
 And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,  
 She'd break and come upon the town;  
 Her arms, of nations once the dread,  
 She scarce could lift above her head;  
 Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)  
 The final trump perhaps might ope,  
 So long they'd been in stupid mood,  
 Shut to the hearing of all good;  
 Grim Death had put her in his scroll,  
 Down on the execution-roll;  
 And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,  
 Began to whet their beaks to pick her:  
 And now her pow'rs decaying fast,  
 Her grand Climact'ric had she past,  
 And, just like all old women else,  
 Fell in the vapours much by spells.  
 Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,  
 And gave her brain a dismal shock;  
 Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends;  
 She quite forgot her nearest friends,  
 Lost all her former sense and knowledge;  
 And fitted fast for Beth'lem college;  
 Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd,  
 Conceit and pride alone remain'd.  
 As Eve when falling was so modest  
 To fancy she should grow a goddess;

B

As

As madmen, straw who long have slept on,  
 Will stile them, Jupiter or Neptune :  
 So Britain 'midst her airs so flighty,  
 Now took a whim to be Almighty ;  
 Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of frenzy,  
 Affirm'd her own Omnipotency ;  
 Would rather ruin all her race,  
 Than 'bate Supremacy an ace ;  
 Assumed all rights divine, as grown  
 The churches head, like good Pope Joan ;  
 Swore all the world should bow and skip  
 To her almighty Goodyship ;  
 Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,  
 And vow'd to live and rule forever.  
 Her servants humour'd every whim,  
 And own'd at once her pow'r supreme,  
 Her follies pleas'd in all their stages,  
 For sake of legacies and wages ;  
 In \* *Stephen's Chapel* then in state too  
 Set up her golden calf to pray to,  
 Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,  
 And call'd for worship at its shrine,  
 And for poor Heretics to burn us  
 Bade North prepare his fiery furnace ;  
 Struck bargains with the Romish churches  
 Infallibility to purchase ;  
 Set wide for Popery the door,  
 Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore,  
 Join'd both the matrons firm in clan ;  
 No sisters made a better span.  
 No wonder then, ere this was over,  
 That she should make her children suffer.  
 She first, without pretence of reason,  
 Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on ;  
 And

\* The Parliament House is called by that name.

And with determin'd resolution,  
 To put her claims in execution,  
 Sent fire and sword, and call'd it, Lenity,  
 Starv'd us, and christen'd it, Humanity.  
 For she, her ease grown desperater,  
 Mistook the plainest things in nature ;  
 Had lost all use of eyes or wits ;  
 Took slav'ry for the bill of rights ;  
 Trembled at Whigs and deem'd them foes,  
 And stopp'd at loyalty her nose ;  
 Stiled her own children, brats and caitiffs,  
 And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

What tho' with supplicating pray'r  
 We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare ;  
 Not vainer vows, with sillier call,  
 Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal ;  
 A worshipp'd stock of god, or goddess,  
 Had better heard and understood us.  
 So once Egyptians at the Nile  
 Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,  
 Who heard them first with kindest ear,  
 And ate them to reward their pray'r ;  
 And could he talk, as kings can do,  
 Had made as gracious speeches too.

Thus spite of pray'rs her schemes pursuing,  
 She still went on to work our ruin ;  
 Annul'd our charters of releases,  
 And tore our title-deeds in pieces ;  
 Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,  
 And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on ;  
 And on these errands sent in rage,  
 Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage,  
 And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,  
 Dispatch'd her *Posse Comitatus*.

No state e'er chose a fitter person,  
 To carry such a silly farce on.



As Heathen gods in antient days  
 Receiv'd at second-hand their praise,  
 Stood imag'd forth in stones and stocks,  
 And deified in barber's blocks ;  
 So Gage was chose to represent  
 Th' omnipotence of Parliament.  
 And as old heroes gain'd, by shifts,  
 From gods, as poets tell, their gifts ;  
 Our Gen'ral, as his actions show,  
 Gain'd like assistance from below,  
 By Satan graced with full supplies,  
 From all his magazine of lies.

Yet could his practice ne'er impart  
 The wit to tell a lie with art.  
 Those lies alone are formidable,  
 Where artful truth is mixt with fable ;  
 But Gage has bungled oft so vilely  
 No soul would credit lies so silly,  
 Outwent all faith and stretch'd beyond  
 Credulity's extremest end.

Whence plain it seems tho' Satan once  
 O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,  
 And blund'ring brutes in Eden shunning,  
 Chose out the serpent for his cunning ;  
 Of late he is not half so nice,  
 Nor picks assistants, 'cause they're wise.  
 For had he stood upon perfection,  
 His present friends had lost th' election,  
 And far'd as hard in this proceeding,  
 As owls and asses did in Eden.

Yet fools are often dang'rous enemies,  
 As meanest reptiles are most venomous ;  
 Nor e'er could Gage by craft and prowess  
 Have done a whit more mischief to us :  
 Since he began th' unnatural war,  
 The work his masters sent him for.

And

And are there in this freeborn land  
 Among ourselves a venal band,  
 A dastard race, who long have sold  
 Their souls and consciences for gold ;  
 Who wish to stab their country's vitals,  
 If they might heir surviving titles ;  
 With joy behold our mischiefs brewing ;  
 Insult and triumph in our ruin ?  
 Priests who, if Satan should sit down,  
 To make a Bible of his own,  
 Would gladly for the sake of mitres,  
 Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers ;  
 Lawyers, who should he wish to prove  
 His title t' his old seat above,  
 Would, if his cause he'd give 'em fees in,  
 Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,  
 Plead for him boldly at the session,  
 And hope to put him in possession ;  
 Merchants who, for his kindly aid,  
 Would make him partners in their trade,  
 Hang out their signs in goodly show,  
 Inscrib'd with "*Belzebub and Co.*"  
 And Judges, who would list his pages,  
 For proper liveries and wages,  
 And who as humbly cringe and bow  
 To all his mortal servants now ?  
 There are ; and shame with pointing gestures,  
 Marks out th' Addressers and Protesters ;  
 Whom, following down the stream of fate,  
 Contempts ineffable await,  
 And public infamy forlorn,  
 Dread hate and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spake, our Squire M'Fingal  
 Gave to his partizans a signal.  
 Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,  
 When Moses wav'd his potent wand,

And  
Nor

Nor with more uproar, than the Tories  
 Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus ; (jeer'd ;  
 Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and  
 Honorius now could scarce be heard.  
 Our Muse amid th' increasing roar,  
 Could not distinguish one word more ;  
 Tho' she sat by, in firm record  
 To take in short-hand ev'ry word ;  
 As antient Muses wont, to whom  
 Old Bards for depositions come ;  
 Who must have writ 'em ; for how else  
 Could they each speech *verbatim* tell 's ;  
 And tho' some readers of romances  
 Are apt to strain their tortur'd fancies,  
 And doubt, when lovers all alone  
 Their sad soliloquies do groan,  
 Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,  
 And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,  
 What spright infernal could have tattled,  
 And told the authors all they prattled ;  
 Whence some weak minds have made objection,  
 That what they scribbled must be fiction ;  
 'Tis false ; for while the lovers spoke,  
 The Muse was by, with table-book,  
 And least some blunder might ensue,  
 Echo stood clerk and kept the cue.  
 And tho' the speech ben't worth a groat,-  
 As usual, 'tisn't the author's fault,  
 But error merely of the prater,  
 Who should have talk'd to th' purpose better ;  
 Which full excuse, my critic-brothers,  
 May help me out, as well as others ;  
 And 'tis design'd, tho' here it lurk,  
 To serve as preface to this work.  
 So let it be--for now our 'Squire  
 No longer could contain his ire ;

And

And rising 'midst applauding Tories,  
 Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.  
 Quoth he, "'Tis wondrous what strange stuff  
 Your Whig's-heads are compounded of;  
 Which force of logic cannot pierce  
 Nor syllogistic *carte & tierce*,  
 Nor weight of scripture or of reason  
 Suffice to make the least impression.  
 Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,  
 Ye prate, and beg or steal the question;  
 And when your boasted arguings fail,  
 Strait leave all reas'ning off, to rail.  
 Have not our High-Church Clergy made it  
 Appear from scriptures which ye credit,  
 That right divine from heav'n was lent  
 To kings, that is the Parliament,  
 Their subjects to oppress and teaze,  
 And serve the Devil when they please?  
 Did they not write and pray and preach,  
 And torture all the parts of speech,  
 About Rebellion make a potter,  
 From one end of the land to th' other?  
 And yet gain'd fewer proselyte Whigs,  
 Than old \*St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs;  
 And chang'd not half so many vicious  
 As Austin, when he preach'd to fishes;  
 Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,  
 Were edified and wagg'd their tails:  
 But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,  
 That e'er one Whig was edified.  
 Have ye not heard from †Parson Walter  
 Much dire preface of many a halter?  
 What warnings had ye of your duty  
 From our old Rev'rend †Sam. Auchmuty?

From

\* The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Austin's  
 preaching to fishes, are told in the Popish legends.  
 † High-Church Clergymen, one at Boston, one at New-York.



From Priests of all degrees and mettes;  
 T' our sag-end man poor † Parson Peters ?  
 Have not our Cooper and our Seabury  
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah;  
 Prov'd all intrigues to set you free  
 Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that be*;  
 Brought over many a scripture text  
 That used to wink at rebel sects,  
 Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents;  
 Or paraphras'd them to obedience;  
 Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n those confess  
 Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,  
 And sprouting from its noddles seven,  
 Ordain'd, as bishops are, by heav'n;  
 (For reasons sim'lar, as we're told  
 That Tophet was ordain'd of old)  
 By this lay-ordination valid  
 Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd,  
 Takes patent out when heav'n has sign'd it;  
 And starts up strait, the Lord's anointed ?  
 Like extreme unction that can cleanse  
 Each penitent from deadly sins,  
 Make them run glib, when oil'd by Priest,  
 The heav'nly road, like wheels new greas'd,  
 Serve them, like shoeball, for defences  
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences :  
 So king's anointment cleans betimes,  
 Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes,  
 For future knav'ries gives commissions;  
 Like Papists sinning under licence.

For

\* Peters, a Tory-Clergyman in Connecticut, who after making himself detestable by his inimical conduct, absconded from the contempt, rather than the vengeance of his countrymen, and fled to England to make complaints against that colony: Cooper, a writer, poet, and satyrisk of the same stamp, President of the college at New-York: Seabury, a Clergyman of the same province.

For heav'd ordain'd the origin,  
 Divines declare, of pain and sin ;  
 Prove such great good they both have done us,  
 Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us :  
 For without pain and sin and folly  
 Man ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy ;  
 And we should \* thank the Lord, 'tis so,  
 As authors grave wrote long ago.  
 Now heav'n its issues never brings  
 Without the means, and these are kings ;  
 And he, who blames when they announce ills,  
 Would counteract th' eternal counsels.  
 As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,  
 By constant grumblings fell from grace,  
 Heav'n taught them first to know their distance  
 By famine, slav'ry and Philistines ;  
 When these could no repentance bring,  
 In wrath it sent them last a king :  
 So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty  
 Of modern kings for plagues are sent you ;  
 Nor can your cavillers pretend,  
 But that they answer well their end.  
 'Tis yours to yield to their command,  
 As rods in Providence's hand ;  
 And if it means to send you pain,  
 You turn your noses up in vain ;  
 Your only way's in peace to bear it,  
 And make necessity a merit.  
 Hence sure perdition must await  
 The man, who rises 'gainst the state,  
 Who meets at once the damning sentence,  
 Without one loophole for repentance ;  
 E'en tho' he gain the royal see,  
 And rank among *the pow'rs that be* :

C

For

\* See the Modern Metaphysical Divinity.

rs ?

rah ;

t it,

?

ft,

d,

For

who after  
 abscond-  
 his coun-  
 s against  
 of the  
 Seabury.

For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,  
 Whoe'er the pow'rs that be oppose,  
 And all those pow'rs (I am clear that 'tis so)  
 Are damn'd for ever, *ex officio*.

Thus far our Clergy; but 'tis true,  
 We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.  
 Had I the \*Poet's brazen lungs  
 As found-board to his hundred tongues,  
 I could not half the scriblers muster  
 That swarm'd round Rivington in cluster;  
 Assemblies, Councilmen, forsooth;  
 Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth.  
 Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,  
 You did not value at three halfpence.  
 Did not our Massachusettensis †  
 For your conviction strain his senses?  
 Scrawl ev'ry moment he could spare,  
 From cards and barbers and the fair;  
 Show, clear as sun in noonday heavens,  
 You did not feel a single grievance;  
 Demonstrate all your opposition  
 Sprung from the § eggs of foul sedition;  
 Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,  
 And knew how long she had been sitting;  
 Could tell exact what strength of heat is  
 Requir'd to hatch her out Committees;  
 What shapes they take, and how much longer's  
 The space before they grow t' a Congress?  
 New whitewash'd Hutchinson and varnish'd,  
 Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd,

Made

\* Virgil's *Aeneid*, 6th book, line 625.

† See a couple of essays, under the signature of *Massachusettensis*.

§ "Committees of Correspondence are the foulest and most venomous serpent, that ever issued from the eggs of sedition," &c.

*Massachusettensis*.

Made 'em new masks, in time no doubt,  
 For Hutchinson's was quite worn out ;  
 And while he muddled all his head,  
 You did not heed a word he said,  
 Did not our grave † Judge Sewall hit  
 'The summit of news-paper wit ?  
 Fill'd ev'ry leaf of ev'ry paper  
 Of Mills and Hicks and mother Draper ;  
 Drew proclamations, works of toil,  
 In true sublime of scarecrow style ;  
 Wrote farces too, 'gainst Sons of Freedom,  
 All for your good, and none would read 'em ;  
 Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,  
 Who died in Whig-impenitency ;  
 Affirm'd that heav'n would lend us aid,  
 As all our Tory-writers said,  
 And calculated so its kindness,  
 He told the moment when it join'd us."

" 'Twas then belike, Honorius cried,  
 When you the public fast defied,  
 Refus'd to heav'n to raise a prayer,  
 Because you'd no connections there ;  
 And since with rev'rent hearts and faces  
 To Governors you'd made addreses,  
 In them, who made you Tories, seeing  
 You lived and mov'd and had your being ;  
 Your humble vows you would not breathe  
 'To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with."

" As for your fasts, replied our 'Squire,  
 What circumstance could fasts require ;

We

† Attorney-General of Massachusetts-Bay, a Judge of Admiralty, Gage's chief Adviser and Proclamation-maker, author of a farce called the Americans Rouzed, and of a great variety of essays on the Ministerial side, in the Boston news-papers,

We kept them not, but 'twas no crime ;  
 We held them merely loss of time.  
 For what advantage firm and lasting,  
 Pray did you ever get by fasting ?  
 And what the gains that can arise  
 From vows and off-rings to the skies ?  
 Will heav'n reward with posts and fees,  
 Or send us Tea, as Consignees,  
 Give pensions, salaries, places, bribes,  
 Or chuse us judges, clerks, or scribes ?  
 Has it commissions in its gift,  
 Or cash, to serve us at a lift ?  
 Are acts of parliament there made,  
 To carry on the placeman's trade ?  
 Or has it pass'd a single bill  
 To let us plunder whom we will ?  
 And look our list of placemen all over ;  
 Did heav'n appoint our chief judge, Oliver,  
 Fill that high bench with ignoramus,  
 Or has it councils by mandamus ?  
 Who made that wit of \* water-gruel,  
 A Judge of Admiralty, Sewall ?  
 And were they not mere earthly struggles,  
 That rais'd up Murray, say, and Ruggles ?  
 Did heav'n send down, our pains to medicine,  
 That old simplicity of Edson,  
 Or by election pick out from us,  
 That Marshfield blund'rer Nat. Ray Thomas ;  
 Or had it any hand in serving  
 A Loring, Popp'rell, Browne, or Erving ?  
 Yet we've some saints, the very thing,  
 We'll pit against the best you'll bring.  
 For can the strongest fancy paint  
 Than Hutchinson a greater saint ?  
 Was there a parson used to pray  
 At times more reg'lar twice a day ;

\* A proper emblem of his genius.

A



As folks exact have dinners got,  
 Whether they've appetites or not ?  
 Was there a zealot more alarming  
 'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon,  
 Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion  
 Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion ?  
 What Puritan could ever pray  
 In Godlier tone, than treasurer \* Gray,  
 Or at town-meetings speechify'ng,  
 Could utter more melodious whine,  
 And shut his eyes and vent his moan,  
 Like owl afflicted in the sun ?  
 Who once sent home his canting rival,  
 Lord Dartmouth's self, might outbedrivel."

" Have you forgot, Honorius cried,  
 How your prime saint the truth defied,  
 Affirm'd he never wrote a line  
 Your charter'd rights to undermine ;  
 When his own letters then were by,  
 That prov'd his message all a lie ?  
 How many promises he seal'd,  
 To get th' oppressive acts repeal'd,  
 Yet once arriv'd on England's shore,  
 Set on the Premier to pass more ?  
 But these are no defects, we grant,  
 In a right loyal Tory saint,  
 Whose godlike virtues must with ease  
 Atone such venal crimes as these ;  
 Or ye perhaps in scripture spy  
 A new commandment, " Thou shalt lie ;"  
 And if 't be so (as who can tell ?)  
 There's no one sure ye keep so well."  
 " Quoth he, For lies and promise-breaking  
 Ye need not be in such a taking ;

For

\* Treasurer of Massachusetts-Bay, and one of the Mandamus Council.

For lying is, we know and teach,  
 The highest privilege of speech ;  
 The universal Magna Charta,  
 To which all human race is party,  
 Whence children first, as David says,  
 Lay claim to 't in their earliest days ;  
 The only stratagem in war,  
 Our Gen'als have occasion for ;  
 The only freedom of the press  
 Our politicians need in peace :  
 And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us  
 Of these our darling privileges.  
 Thank heav'n, your shot have mis'd their aim,  
 For lying is no sin, or shame.

As men last wills may change again,  
 Tho' drawn in name of God, amen ;  
 Before they must have much the more,  
 O'er promises as great a pow'r,  
 Which made in haste, with small inspection,  
 So much the more will need correction ;  
 And when they've careless spoke, or penn'd 'em,  
 Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em ;  
 Revise their vows, or change the text,  
 By way of codicil annex'd,  
 Turn out a promise, that was base,  
 And put a better in its place.  
 So Gage of late agreed, you know,  
 To let the Boston people go ;  
 Yet when he saw 'gainst troops that brav'd him,  
 They were the only guards that sav'd him,  
 Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,  
 From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him ;  
 He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,  
 And shut them in again to starve.

So Moses writes, when female Jews  
 Made oaths and vows unfit for use,

Their

Their parents then might set them free  
 From that conscientious tyranny :  
 And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage  
 Forever, when they grow beyond age ;  
 Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change ?  
 I think the tale were very strange.  
 Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,  
 And let go women weak and young,  
 As nets enclose the larger crew,  
 And let the smaller fry creep thro' ?  
 Besides, the Whigs have all been set on,  
 The Tories to affright and threaten,  
 Till Gage amidst his trembling fits  
 Has hardly kept him in his wits ;  
 And tho' he speak with art and finesse,  
 'Tis said beneath *dureſs per minas*.  
 For we're in peril of our souls  
 From feathers, tar and lib'rt'y-poles :  
 And vows extorted are not binding  
 In law, and so not worth the minding.  
 For we have in this hurly-burly  
 Sent off our consciences on furlow,  
 Thrown our religion o'er in form ;  
 Our ship to lighten in the storm.  
 Nor need we blush your Whigs before ;  
 If we've no virtue you've no more.  
 Yet black with sins, would stain a mitre,  
 Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter,  
 And stuff'd with choler atrabilious,  
 Insult us here for peccadilloes ?  
 While all your vices run so high  
 That mercy scarce could find supply :  
 While should you offer to repent,  
 You'd need more fasting days than Lent,  
 More groans than haunted churchyard vallics,  
 And more confessions than broad-alleys.

I'll show you all at fitter time,  
 The extent and greatness of your crime;  
 And here demonstrate to your face,  
 Your want of virtue, as of grace,  
 Evinc'd from topics old and recent :  
 But thus much must suffice at present.  
 To th' after-portion of the day,  
 I leave what more remains to say ;  
 When I've good hope you'll all appear,  
 More fitted and prepared to hear,  
 And griev'd for all your vile demeanour :  
 But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

END of CANTO FIRST.



# M ' F I N G A L :

## C A N T O S E C O N D,

OR

### THE TOWN-MEETING, P.M.

**T**HE Sun, who never stops to dine,  
Two hours had pass'd the midway line;  
And driving at his usual rate,  
Lash'd on his downward car of state.  
And now expired the short vacation,  
And dinner done in epic fashion;  
While all the crew beneath the trees,  
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese;  
Nor shall we, like old Homer care  
To verify their bill of fare!  
For now each party, feasted well,  
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell;  
With equal spirit took their places;  
And meeting oped with three Oh yesses:  
When first the daring Whigs t' oppose,  
Again the great M'Fingal rose,  
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,  
And thus assum'd th' accusing strain.  
"Ye Whigs attend; and hear affrighted  
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted,  
The sins and follies past all compass,  
That prove you guilty or non compos.  
I leave the verdict to your senses,  
And jury of your consciences;

D

Which



Which tho' they're neither good nor true,  
 Must yet convict you and your crew:  
 Ungrateful sons ! a factious band,  
 That rise against your parentland !  
 Ye viper'd race, that burst in strife,  
 The welcome womb, that gave you life,  
 Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue,  
 Th' indulgent bowels, whence you sprung ;  
 And scorn the debt of obligation  
 You justly owe the British nation,  
 Which since you cannot pay, your crew  
 Affect to swear 'twas never due.  
 Did not the deeds of England's Primate  
 First drive your fathers to this climate,  
 Whom jails and fines and ev'ry ill  
 Forc'd to their good against their will ?  
 Ye owe to their obliging temper  
 The peopling your newfangled empire,  
 While ev'ry British act and canon  
 Stood forth you *causa sine qua non*.  
 Did they not send you charters o'er,  
 And give you lands you own'd before,  
 Permit you all to spill your blood,  
 And drive out heathen where you could ;  
 On these mild terms, that conquest won,  
 The realm you gain'd should be their own.  
 Or when of late attack'd by those,  
 Whom her connection made your foes,  
 Did they not then, distressed in war,  
 Send Gen'als to your help from far,  
 Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty,  
 And thankfully o'erpaid your quota ?  
 Say, at what period did they grudge  
 To send you Governor or Judge,  
 With all their missionary crew,  
 To teach you law and gospel too ?

Brought

Brought o'er all felons in the nation,  
 To help you on in population ;  
 Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,  
 And made their Priests a legal tender,  
 Who only ask'd in surplice clad,  
 The simple tythe of all you had :  
 And now to keep all knaves in awe,  
 Have sent their troops t' establish law,  
 And with gunpowder, fire and ball,  
 Reform your people one and all.  
 Yet when their insolence and pride  
 Have anger'd all the world beside,  
 When fear and want at once invade,  
 Can you refuse to lend them aid ;  
 And rather risque your heads in fight,  
 Than gratefully throw in your mite ?  
 Can they for debts make satisfaction,  
 Should they dispose their realm by auction ;  
 And sell off Britain's goods and land all  
 To France and Spain by inch of candle ?  
 Shall good king George, with want oppress'd,  
 Insert his name in bankrupt list,  
 And shut up shop, like failing merchant,  
 That fears the bailiffs should make search in't ;  
 With poverty shall princes strive,  
 And nobles lack whereon to live ?  
 Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,  
 To feed their brats on posts and pensions,  
 Made ev'n Scotch friends with taxes groan,  
 And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone ;  
 Yet have on hand as well deserving,  
 Ten thousand bastards left for starving ?  
 And can you now with conscience clear,  
 Refuse them an asylum here,  
 Or not maintain in manner fitting,  
 These genuine sons of mother Britain ?

T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,  
 You prate of liberty in vain,  
 And strive to hide your vile designs,  
 With terms abstruse like school-divines.

Your boasted patriotism is scarce,  
 And country's love is but a farce ;  
 And after all the proofs you bring,  
 We Tories know there's no such thing.  
 Our English writers of great fame  
 Prove public virtue but a name.  
 Hath not \* Dalrymple show'd in print,  
 And \* Johnson too, there's nothing in't ?  
 Produc'd you demonstration ample  
 From other's and their own example,  
 That self is still, in either faction,  
 The only principle of action ;  
 The loadstone, whose attracting tether  
 Keeps the politic world together :  
 And spite of all your double-dealing,  
 We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.

Who heeds your babbling of transmitting  
 Freedom to brats of your begetting,  
 Or will proceed as though there were a tie,  
 Or obligation to posterity ?  
 We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse ;  
 What has poster'ty done for us,  
 That we, lest they their rights should lose,  
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?

And who believes you will not run ?  
 You're cowards, ev'ry mother's son ;  
 And should you offer to deny,  
 We've witnesses to prove it by.  
 Attend th' opinion first, as referee,  
 Of your old Gen'ral, stout Sir Jeffery,

Who

\* Ministerial Pensioners.

Who swore that with five thousand foot  
 He'd rout you all, and in pursuit,  
 Run thro' the land as easily,  
 As camel thro' a needle's eye.  
 Did not the valiant Col'nel Grant  
 Against your courage make his slant,  
 Affirm your universal failure  
 In ev'ry principle of valour,  
 And swear no scamp'ers e'er could match you,  
 So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you?  
 And will ye not confess in this,  
 A judge most competent he is,  
 Well skill'd on runnings to decide,  
 As what himself has often tried?  
 'Twould not methinks be labour lost,  
 If you'd sit down and count the cost;  
 And ere you call your Yankies out,  
 First think what work you've set about.  
 Have ye not rouz'd, his force to try on,  
 That grim old beast, the British lion?  
 And know you not that at a sup  
 He's large enough to eat you up?  
 Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,  
 Drawn inventories of his teeth,  
 Or have you weigh'd in even balance  
 His strength and magnitude of talons?  
 His roar would turn your boasts to fear,  
 As easily as four small-beer,  
 And make your feet from dreadful fray,  
 By native instinct run away.  
 Britain, depend on't, will take on her  
 T' assert her dignity and honor,  
 And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,  
 Destroy your country and herself.  
 For has not North declar'd they fight  
 To gain substantial rev'nue by't,

Denied

Denied he'd ever deign to treat,  
 Till on your knees and at his feet ?  
 And feel you not a trifling ague,  
 From Van's *Delenda est Carthago* ?  
 For this, now Britain has come to't,  
 Think you she has not means to do't ?  
 Has she not set to work all engines  
 To spirit up the native Indians,  
 Send on your backs a savage band,  
 With each a hatchet in his hand,  
 T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,  
 And butcher children and your wives ;  
 That she may boast again with vanity,  
 Her English national humanity ?  
 (For now in its primeval sense,  
 This term, *humanity*, comprehends  
 All things of which, on this side hell,  
 The *human mind* is capable ;  
 And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,  
 Applied to Britain and to Gage.)  
 And on this work to raise allies,  
 She sent her duplicate of Guys,  
 To drive, at different parts at once, on  
 Her stout Guy Carlton and Guy Johnson ;  
 To each of whom, to send again ye  
 Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny ;  
 Tho' the dun cow he fell'd in war,  
 These killcows are his betters far.  
 And has she not assay'd her notes,  
 To rouse your slaves to cut your throats,  
 Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,  
 To bribe your blacks in Carolinas ?  
 And has not Gage, her missionary  
 Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a Tory,  
 And made th' Amer'can bishop's see grow,  
 By many a new-converted Negro ?



As friends to gov'nment did not he  
 Their slaves at Boston late set free ;  
 Enlist them all in black parade,  
 Set off with regimental red ?  
 And were they not accounted then  
 Among his very bravest men ?  
 And when such means she stoops to take,  
 Think you she is not wide awake ?  
 As Eliphaz' good man in Job  
 Own'd num'rous allies thro' the globe ;  
 Had brought the \* stones along the street  
 To ratify a cov'nant meet,  
 And ev'ry beast from lice to lions,  
 To join in leagues of strict alliance :  
 Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,  
 For like assistance far and wide ?  
 Was there a creature so despis'd,  
 Its aid she has not sought and priz'd ?  
 Till all this formidable league rose  
 Of Indians, British troops and Negroes,  
 And can you break these triple bands  
 By all your workmanship of hands ?"  
 " Sir, quoth Honorius, we presume  
 You guess from past feats, what's to come,  
 And from the mighty deeds of Gage,  
 Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.  
 You doubtless recollected here  
 'The annals of his first great year :  
 While wearying out the Tories' patience,  
 He spent his breath in proclamations ;  
 While

\* The stones and all the elements with thee  
 Shall ratify a strict confederacy ;  
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,  
 And for a firm alliance with thee treat : &c.

*Blackmore's Paraphrase of Job..*

While all his mighty noise and vapour  
 Was used in wrangling upon paper;  
 And boasted military fits  
 Closed in the straining of his wits;  
 While troops in Boston commons plac'd  
 Laid nought but quires of paper waste;  
 While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation;  
 Protest, address and proclamation;  
 And speech met speech, sib clash'd with sib,  
 And Gage still answer'd, squib for squib.

Tho' this not all his time was lost on;  
 He fortified the town of Boston;  
 Built breastworks that might lend assistance  
 To keep the patriots at a distance;  
 (For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,  
 He liked them best the farthest off)  
 Of mighty use and help to aid  
 His courage, when he felt afraid;  
 And whence right off in manful station,  
 He'd boldly pop his proclamation.  
 Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze  
 At such heroic deeds as these."

"Vain, quoth the 'Squire, you'll find to sneer.  
 At Gage's first triumphant year;  
 For Providence, dispos'd to tease us,  
 Can use what instruments it pleases.  
 To pay a tax at Peter's wish,  
 His chief cashier was once a Fish;  
 An Ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,  
 Turn'd orator and sav'd his master;  
 A Goose plac'd centry on his station  
 Preserv'd old Rome from desolation;  
 An English Bishop's \* Cur of late  
 Disclosed rebellions 'gainst the state;

So

\* See Bishop Atterbury's trial.

So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance;  
 And Lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence :  
 And heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,  
 By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cæsar.  
 Yet did our hero in these days  
 Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.  
 And as the statuary of Seville  
 Made his crackt saint an exc'llent devil ;  
 So tho' our war few triumphs brings,  
 We gain'd great fame in other things.  
 Did not our troops show much discerning,  
 And skill your various arts in learning ?  
 Outwent they not each native Noodle  
 By far in playing Yanky-doodle ;  
 Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,  
 'Twas marvellous they took so soon ?  
 And ere the year was fully thro',  
 Did not they learn to foot it too ;  
 And such a dance as ne'er was known,  
 For twenty miles on end lead down ?  
 Was there a Yanky trick you knew,  
 They did not play as well as you ?  
 Did they not lay their heads together,  
 And gain your art to tar and feather,  
 When Col'nel Nesbitt thro' the town,  
 In triumph bore the country-clown ?  
 Oh, what a glorious work to sing  
 The vet'ran troops of Britain's king,  
 Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,  
 With bag of feathers and tar-barrel !  
 To paint the cart where culprits ride,  
 And Nesbitt marching at its side,  
 Great executioner and proud,  
 Like hangman high on Holbourn road ;  
 And o'er the bright triumphal car  
 The waving ensigns of the war !

As when a triumph Rome decreed,  
 For great Calig'la's valiant deed,  
 Who had subdued the British seas,  
 By gath'ring cockles from their bafe ;  
 In pompous car the conqu'ror bore  
 His captiv'd scallops from the shore,  
 Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching;  
 And mighty feats of oyster-catching :  
 O'er Yankies thus the war begun,  
 They tarr'd and triumph'd over one ;  
 And fought and boasted thro' the season,  
 With might as great, and equal reason.

Yet thus, tho' skill'd in vict'ry's toils,  
 They boast, not unexpert, in wiles.  
 For gain'd they not an equal fame in  
 The arts of secrecy and scheming ?  
 In stratagems show'd mighty force,  
 And moderniz'd the Trojan horse,  
 Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulysses,  
 In their fam'd Salem-expedition ?  
 For as that horse, the Poets tell ye,  
 Bore Grecian armies in his belly ;  
 Till their full reck'ning run, with joy  
 Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy :  
 So in one ship was Leslie bold  
 Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,  
 Equipp'd for enterprize and sail,  
 Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale.  
 To Marblehead in depth of night,  
 The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.  
 And now the sabbath's silent day  
 Call'd all your Yankies off to pray ;  
 Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,  
 The scheme and vessel fell in labour ;  
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly  
 The Myrmidons of Col'ncl Leslie :

Not

Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand  
 The \* frogs' detachment rush'd to land,  
 Equipp'd by onset or surprize  
 To storm th' entrenchment of the mice.  
 Thro' Salem strait without delay,  
 The bold battalion took its way,  
 March'd o'er a bridge in open fight  
 Of sev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,  
 Then without loss of time, or men  
 Veer'd round for Boston back again ;  
 And found so well their projects thrive,  
 That ev'ry soul got home alive.

Thus Gage's arms did fortune bless  
 With triumph, safety and success ;  
 But mercy is without dispute  
 His first and darling attribute ;  
 So great it far outwent and conquer'd  
 His military skill at Concord.  
 There when the war he chose to wage  
 Shone the benevolence of Gage ;  
 Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place  
 On errands meer of special grace,  
 And all the work he chose them for  
 Was to † prevent a civil war :  
 And for that purpose he projected  
 The only certain way t' effect it,  
 To take your powder, stores and arms,  
 And all your means of doing harms :  
 As prudent folks take knives away,  
 Left children cut themselves at play.  
 And yet tho' this was all his scheme,  
 This war you still will charge on him ;

And

\* See Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

† See Gage's answer to Governor Trumbull.

And tho' he oft has sworn and said it,  
 Stick close to facts and give no credit.  
 Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard him ?  
 Why, 'twas the very thing that scar'd him.  
 He'd rather you should all have run,  
 Than stay'd to fire a single gun.  
 And for the civil war you lament,  
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't ;  
 For had you then, as he intended,  
 Giv'n up your arms, it must have ended.  
 Since that's no war, each mortal knows,  
 Where one side only gives the blows,  
 And th' other bears 'em ; on reflection  
 The most you'll call it is correction.  
 Nor could the contest have gone higher,  
 If you had ne'er return'd the fire ;  
 But when you shot, and not before,  
 It then commenc'd a civil war.  
 Else Gage, to end this controversy,  
 Had but corrected you in mercy :  
 Whom mother Britain old and wise,  
 Sent o'er, the Col'nies to chastise ;  
 Command obedience on their peril  
 Of ministerial whip and ferule ;  
 And since they ne'er must come of age,  
 Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.  
 Still more, that this was all their errand,  
 The army's conduct makes apparent.  
 What tho' at Lexington you can say  
 They kill'd a few they did not fancy,  
 At Concord then, with manful popping,  
 Discharg'd a round the ball to open ?  
 Yet when they saw your rebel-rout  
 Determin'd still to hold it out ;  
 Did they not show their love to peace,  
 And wish, that discord strait might cease,  
Demonstrate,



Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,  
 Their orders were to injure no man ?  
 For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run  
 As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun ;  
 Take the first shot you sent them greeting,  
 As meant their signal for retreating ;  
 And fearful if they staid for sport,  
 You might by accident be hurt,  
 Convey themselves with speed away  
 Full twenty miles in half a day ;  
 Race till their legs were grown so weary,  
 They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry ?  
 Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearsay,  
 The great \* activ'ty of Lord Percy ;  
 Whose brave example led them on,  
 And spirited the troops to run ;  
 And now may boast at royal levees  
 A Yanky-chace worth forty Chevys.  
 Yet you as vile as they were kind,  
 Pursued, like tygers, still behind,  
 Fir'd on them at your will, and shut  
 The town, as tho' you'd starve them out ;  
 And with † parade prepost'rous hedg'd  
 Affect to hold them there besieg'd ;  
 (Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call  
 Your Gov'nor and Vice-Admiral,  
 Whose pow'r gubernatorial still  
 Extends as far as Bunker's hill ;  
 Whose admiralty reaches clever,  
 Near half a mile up Mystic river,

Whose

\* " Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity thro' the whole day."

*Gage's account of the Lexington battle.*

† " And with a preposterous parade of military arrangement they affect to hold the army besieged."

*Gage's last grand proclamation.*

Whose naval force commands the seas,  
 Can run away when'er he please)  
 Scar'd troops of Tories into town,  
 And burnt their hay and houses down,  
 And menac'd Gage, unless he'd flee,  
 To drive him headlong to the sea ;  
 As once, to faithless Jews a sign,  
 The de'el, turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.

But now your triumphs all are o'er ;  
 For see from Britain's angry shore  
 With mighty hosts of valour join  
 Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne.  
 As comets thro' the affrighted skies  
 Pour baleful ruin, as they rise ;  
 As Ætna with infernal roar  
 In conflagration sweeps the shore ;  
 Or as \* Abijah White when sent  
 Our Marshfield friends to represent,  
 Himself while dread array involves,  
 Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,  
 In awful pomp descending down,  
 Bore terror on the factious town :  
 Not with less glory and affright,  
 Parade these Gen'als forth to fight.  
 No more each Reg'lar † Col'nel runs  
 From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,

Thinks

\* He was a representative of Marshfield, and employed to carry their famous town-resolves to Boston. He armed himself in as ridiculous military array, as another Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he should be robb'd of them.

† This was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon-Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipitation : Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air-guns ; as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers.

Thinks hornbugs bullets, or thro' fears  
 Muskitoes takes for musketeers ;  
 Nor 'scapes, as tho' you'd gain'd allies  
 From Belzebub's whole host of flies.  
 No bug their warlike hearts appalls ;  
 They better know the found of balls.  
 I hear the din of battle bray,  
 The trump of horror marks its way.  
 I see afar the sack of cities,  
 The gallows strung with Whig-committees ;  
 Your Moderators triced, like vermin,  
 And gate-posts graced with heads of Chairmen ;  
 Your Gen'als for wave-offrings hanging,  
 And ladders throng'd with Priests haranguing.  
 What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes  
 With patriot-ears for sacrifice !  
 What whipping-posts your chosen race  
 Admit successive in embrace,  
 While each bears off his crimes, alack !  
 Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back !  
 Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,  
 Shall Whigs and Congresses appear ?  
 What rocks and mountains shall you call  
 To wrap you over with their fall,  
 And save your heads in these sad weathers,  
 From fire and sword, and tar and feathers !  
 For lo, with British troops tarbright,  
 Again our Nesbitt heaves in sight !  
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,  
 And rigg your troops in uniform !  
 To meet such heroes, will ye brag,  
 With fury arm'd, and feather-bag ;  
 Who wield their missile pitch and tar,  
 With engines new in British war ?  
 Lo, where our mighty navy brings  
 Destruction on her canvas-wings,

While

While thro' the deeps her potent thunder  
 Shall found th' alarm to rob and plunder !  
 As Phœbus first, so Homer speaks,  
 When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,  
 'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,  
 And slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle ;  
 So where our ships shall stretch the keel,  
 What conquer'd oxen shall they steal !  
 What heroes rising from the deep  
 Invade your marshall'd hosts of sheep !  
 Disperse whole troops of horse, and pressing  
 Make cows surrender at discretion ;  
 Attack your hens, like Alexanders,  
 And reg'ments rout of geese and ganders ;  
 Or where united arms combine  
 Lead captive many a herd of swine !  
 Then rush in dreadful fury down  
 To fire on ev'ry seaport town ;  
 Display their glory and their wits,  
 Fright unarm'd children into fits,  
 And stoutly from th' unequal fray,  
 Make many a woman run away !  
 And can ye doubt whene'er we please  
 Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these ?  
 Have we not chiefs transcending far,  
 The old fam'd *thunderbolts of war* ;  
 Beyond the brave romantic fighters,  
 Stiled *swords of death* by novel-writers ?  
 Nor in romancing ages e'er rose  
 So terrible a tier of heroes.  
 From Gage, what flashes fright the waves !  
 How loud a blunderbuss is Graves !  
 How Newport dreads the blustering fallies,  
 That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,  
 While noise in formidable strains  
 Spouts from his thimble-full of brains !

I see you sink with aw'd surprize !  
 I see our Tory-brethren rise !  
 And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,  
 Our friends describe their wish'd Millennium ;  
 Tell how the world in ev'ry region  
 At once shall own their true religion ;  
 For heav'n with plagues of awful dread  
 Shall knock all heretics o' th' head ;  
 And then their church, the meek in spirit,  
 The earth, as promis'd, shall inherit,  
 From the dead wicked, as heirs male,  
 And next remainder-men in tail :  
 Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress !  
 Such spoils our Tory friends shall blefs !  
 While Confiscation at command  
 Shall stalk in horror thro' the land,  
 Shall give your Whig-estates away,  
 And call our brethren into play.

And can ye doubt or scruple more,  
 These things are near you at the door ?  
 Behold ! for tho' to reas'ning blind,  
 Signs of the times ye sure might mind,  
 And view impending fate as plain  
 As ye'd foretell a show'r of rain.

Hath not heav'n warn'd you what must ensue,  
 And Providence declar'd against you ;  
 Hung forth its dire portents of war,  
 By \* signs and beacons in the air ;  
 Alarm'd old women all around  
 By fearful noises under ground ;  
 While earth for many dozen leagues  
 Groan'd with her dismal load of Whigs ?

F

Was

\* Such stories of prodigies were at that time industriously  
 propagated by the Tory-party in various parts of New-Eng-  
 land, to terrify and intimidate the superstitious.

Was there a meteor far and wide  
 But muster'd on the Tory-side ?  
 A star malign that has not bent  
 Its aspects for the Parliament,  
 Foreboding your defeat and misery ;  
 As once they fought against old Sisera ?  
 Was there a cloud that spread the skies,  
 But bore our armies of allies ?  
 While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth  
 'Mid baleful glimm'rings from the North ;  
 Which plainly shows which part they join'd,  
 For North's the minister, ye mind ;  
 Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes  
 On *Northern blasts* have strain'd their wits ;  
 And think ye not the clouds know how  
 To make the pun as well as you ?  
 Did there arise an apparition,  
 But grinn'd forth ruin to sedition ?  
 A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,  
 And click'd destruction to the Whigs ?  
 Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,  
 At night our or'tors in the air,  
 That, loud as admiralty-libel,  
 Read awful chapters from the bible,  
 And death and deviltry denounc'd,  
 And told you how you'd soon be trounc'd ?  
 I see to join our conqu'ring side  
 Heav'n, earth and hell at once allied !  
 See from your overthrow and end  
 The Tories paradise ascend ;  
 Like that new world that claims its station  
 Beyond the final conflagration !  
 I see the day that lots your share  
 In utter darkness and despair ;  
 The day of joy, when North, our Lord,  
 His faithful fav'rites shall reward !



No Tory then shall set before him  
 Small wish of 'Squire, or Justice Quorum ;  
 But 'fore his unmistaken eyes  
 See Lordships, posts and pensions rise.  
 Awake to gladness then, ye Tories,  
 'Th' unbounded prospect lies before us ?  
 The pow'r display'd in Gage's banners  
 Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,  
 And o'er our happy conquer'd ground  
 Dispense estates and titles round.  
 Behold, the world shall stare at new setts  
 Of home-made \* earls in Massachusetts ;  
 Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,  
 Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons and Vassals ;  
 See join'd in ministerial work  
 His grace of Albany and York !  
 What Lordships from each carv'd estate,  
 On our New-York Assembly wait !  
 What titled † Jauncys, Gales and Billops ;  
 Lord Brush, Lord Wilkins and Lord Philips !  
 In wide-sleev'd pomp of godly guise,  
 What solemn rows of bishops rise !  
 Aloft a card'nal's hat is spread  
 O'er punster & Cooper's rev'rend head !  
 In Vardell, that poetic zealot,  
 I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate !  
 While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,  
 On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty !  
 Knights, viscounts, barons shall ye meet,  
 As thick as pavements in the street !

Ev'n

\* See Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters.

† Members of the ministerial Majority in the New-York assembly ; Wilkins a noted writer.

§ President Cooper is a notorious punster : Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New-York, and royal professor in King's college ; Chandler and Auchmuty, High-church and Tory-writers of the Clerical order.

Ev'n I perhaps, heav'n speed my claim,  
 Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.  
 For titles all our foreheads ache;  
 For what blest changes can they make!  
 Place rev'rence, grace and excellence  
 Where neither claim'd the least pretence;  
 Transform by patent's magic words  
 Men, likest devils, into Lords;  
 Whence commoners to peers translated  
 Are justly said to be *created*!  
 Now where commissioners ye saw  
 Shall boards of nobles deal you law!  
 Long-rob'd comptrollers judge your rights,  
 And tide-waiters start up in knights!  
 While Whigs subdued in slavish awe,  
 Our wood shall hew, our water draw,  
 And bless that mildness, when past hope,  
 Which sav'd their necks from noose of rope.  
 For as to gain assistance we  
 Design their Negroes to set free;  
 For Whigs, when we enough shall bang 'em,  
 Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em;  
 Except their chiefs; the vulgar knaves  
 Will do more good preserv'd for slaves."

" 'Tis well, Honorius cried, your scheme  
 Has painted out a pretty dream.  
 We can't confute your second fight;  
 We shall be slaves and you a knight:  
 These things must come: but I divine  
 They'll come not in your day, or mine.  
 But oh, my friends, my brethren, hear,  
 And turn for once th' attentive ear.  
 Ye see how prompt to aid our woes,  
 The tender mercies of our foes;  
 Ye see with what unvaried rancour  
 Still for our blood their minions hanker,

Not

Nor aught can fate their mad ambition,  
 From us, but death, or worse, submission.  
 Shall these then riot in our spoil,  
 Reap the glad harvest of our toil,  
 Rise from their country's ruin proud,  
 And roll their chariot wheels in blood ?  
 And can ye sleep while high outspread  
 Hangs desolation o'er your head ?  
 See Gage with inauspicious star  
 Has oped the gates of civil war ;  
 When streams of gore from freemen slain,  
 Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain ;  
 Whose warning voice with awful sound,  
 Still cries, like Abel's from the ground,  
 And heav'n, attentive to its call,  
 Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.  
 Rise then, ere ruin swift surprize,  
 To victory, to vengeance rise !  
 Hark, how the distant din alarms !  
 The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms ;  
 From provinces remote, afar,  
 The sons of glory rouse to war ;  
 'Tis freedom calls ; th' enraptur'd sound  
 The Apalachian hills rebound ;  
 The Georgian shores her voice shall hear,  
 And start from lethargies of fear.  
 From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,  
 Where pours the sun intenser day,  
 To shores where icy waters roll,  
 And tremble to the dusky pole,  
 Inspir'd by freedom's heav'nly charms,  
 United nations wake to arms.  
 The star of conquest lights their way,  
 And guides their vengeance on their prey---  
 Yes, tho' tyrannic force oppose,  
 Still shall they triumph o'er their foes,

Till

Till heav'n the happy land shall bless,  
With safety, liberty and peace.

And ye whose souls of dastard mould  
Start at the brav'ry of the bold ;  
To love your country who pretend,  
Yet want all spirit to defend ;  
Who feel your fancies so prolific,  
Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific,  
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,  
Fire, blood and thunder in reversion,  
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,  
And Gage's scarecrow proclamations,  
With all the trumpery of fear ;  
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear ;  
Who scarce could rouse, if caught in fray,  
Presence of mind to run away ;  
See nought but halters rise to view  
In all your dreams (and dreams are true)  
And while these phantoms haunt your brains,  
Bow down the willing neck to chains ;  
Heav'n's ! are ye sons of fires so great,  
Immortal in the fields of fate,  
Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,  
Who bled, who conquer'd to be free !  
Hence, coward souls, the worst disgrace  
Of our forefathers' valiant race ;  
Hie homeward from the glorious field ;  
There turn the wheel, the distaff wield ;  
Act what ye are, nor dare to stain  
The warrior's arms with touch profane :  
There beg your more heroic wives  
To guard your children and your lives ;  
Beneath their aprons find a screen,  
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he said, the Tories' anger  
Could now restrain itself no longer,

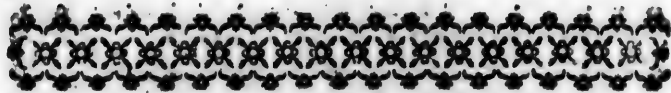
Who

Who tried before by many a freak, or  
 Insulting noise, to stop the speaker ;  
 Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door ;  
 Their feet kept shuffling on the floor ;  
 Made their disapprobation known  
 By many a murmur, hum and groan,  
 That to his speech supplied the place  
 Of counterpart in thorough-bass :  
 As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,  
 Still drone and grumble underneath ;  
 Or as the fam'd Demosthenes  
 Harangued the rumbling of the seas,  
 Held forth with eloquence full grave  
 To audience loud of wind and wave ;  
 And had a stiller congregation  
 Than Tories are to hear th' oration.  
 But now the storm grew high and louder  
 As nearer thundrings of a cloud are,  
 And ev'ry soul with heart and voice  
 Supplied his quota of the noise ;  
 Each listening ear was set on torture  
 Each Tory bell'wing out, to order ;  
 And some, with tongue not low or weak,  
 Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak ;  
 The moderator, with great violence,  
 The cushion thump'd with " Silence, silence ;"  
 The constable to ev'ry prater  
 Bawl'd out, " Pray hear the moderator ;"  
 Some call'd the vote, and some in turn  
 Were screaming high, " Adjourn, adjourn :"  
 Not chaos heard such jars and clashes  
 When all the el'ments fought for places.  
 Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd ;  
 Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd ;  
 The storm each moment louder grew ;  
 His sword the great M'Fingal drew ,  
Prepar'd

Prepar'd in either chance to share,  
 To keep the peace, or aid the war.  
 Nor lack'd they each poetic being,  
 Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing ;  
 Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,  
 Upon the pulpit-canopy,  
 To join, as is her custom tried,  
 Like Indians, on the strongest side ;  
 The Destinies with shears and distaff,  
 Drew near their threads of life to twist off ;  
 The Furies 'gan to feast on blows,  
 And broken heads or bloody nose ;  
 When on a sudden from without  
 Arose a loud terrific shout ;  
 And strait the people all at once heard  
 Of tongues an universal concert ;  
 Like *Æsop's* times, as fable runs,  
 When ev'ry creature talk'd at once,  
 Or like the variegated gabble  
 That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.  
 Each party soon forgot the quarrel,  
 And let the other go on parole ;  
 Eager to know what fearful matter  
 Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter ;  
 And left the church in thin array,  
 As tho' it had been lecture-day.  
 Our 'Squire M'Fingal straitway beckon'd  
 The constable to stand his second,  
 And sallied forth with aspect fierce  
 The croud assembled to disperse.  
 The moderator out of view  
 Beneath a bench had lain perdue ;  
 Peep'd up his head to view the fray,  
 Beheld the wranglers run away,  
 And left alone with solemn face,  
 Adjourn'd them without time or place.

END OF CANTO SECOND.





# M ' F I N G A L :

## C A N T O T H I R D,

OR

## T H E L I B E R T Y P O L E .

**N**OW arm'd with ministerial ire,  
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,  
And on his striding steps attends,  
His desp'rate clan of Tory friends ;  
When sudden met his angry eye,  
A pole, ascending thro' the sky,  
Which num'rous throngs of Whiggish race  
Were raising in the market-place ;  
Not higher school-boys kites aspire,  
Or royal mast or country spire,  
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,  
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton ;  
And on its top the flag unfurl'd,  
Waved triumph o'er the prostrate world,  
Inscribed with inconsistent types  
Of liberty and thirteen stripes.  
Beneath, the croud without delay,  
The dedication-rites essay,  
And gladly pay in antient fashion,  
The ceremonies of libation ;  
While briskly to each patriot lip  
Walks eager round th' inspiring sip :

G

Delicious .

Delicious draught, whose pow'ra inherit  
 The quintessence of public spirit !  
 Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind,  
 To nobler politics refined,  
 Or rous'd for martial controversy,  
 As from transforming cups of Circe ;  
 Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,  
 That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.  
 At hand for new supplies in store,  
 The tavern opes its friendly door,  
 Whence to and fro the waiters run,  
 Like bucket-men at fires in town.  
 Then with three shouts that tore the sky,  
 'Tis consecrate to Liberty ;  
 To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,  
 A grand committee cull'd of four is,  
 Who foremost on the patriot spot,  
 Had brought the slip and paid the shot.  
 By this, M'Fingal with his train,  
 Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,  
 And fierce with loyal rage possess'd,  
 Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired his breast.  
 " What madbrain'd rebel gave commission,  
 To raise this Maypole of sedition !  
 Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,  
 With like confusion too of tongues,  
 To point at heav'n and summon down,  
 The thunders of the British crown ?  
 Say will this paltry pole secure  
 Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r ?  
 Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,  
 Is this to stand your ark of safety ?  
 Or driv'n by Scottish laird and laddie,  
 Think ye to rest beneath its shadow ?  
 When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly  
 And balls move hissing thro' the sky,

Will

Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,  
 Save like the Jewish pole in Edom,  
 Or like the brazen snake of Moses,  
 Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses ?  
 Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,  
 Or tavernprating demagogue,  
 Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,  
 On th' empty drumhead of his skull,  
 Behold you know not what noisy fools  
 Use you, worse simpletons, for tools ?  
 For Liberty in your own by-sense  
 Is but for crimes a patent licence ;  
 To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,  
 And throw the world in common stock,  
 Reduce all grievances and ills  
 To Magna Charta of your wills,  
 Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,  
 Fram'd by the model of your conscience,  
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion  
 And fix its scale of depreciation,  
 Defy all creditors to trouble ye,  
 And pass new years of Jewish jubilee ;  
 Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,  
 By jurisdictions of white staves,  
 And make the bar and bench and steeple,  
 Submit t' our sov'reign Lord, the People ;  
 Assure each knave his whole affets,  
 By gen'ral amnesty of debts ;  
 By plunder rise to pow'r and glory,  
 And brand all property as tory ;  
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures  
 Of mobbers and monopolizers ;  
 Break heads and windows and the peace,  
 For your own int'rest and increase ;  
 Dispute and pray and fight and groan,  
 For public good, and mean your own ;

Prevent

Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,  
 From quitting scores upon your backs,  
 Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,  
 And seize the stocks your antient foe ;  
 And turn them, as convenient engines  
 To wreak your patriotic vengeance ;  
 While all, your claims who understand,  
 Confess they're in the owner's hand :  
 And when by clamours and confusions,  
 Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,  
 Cry, Liberty, with pow'rful yearning,  
 As he does, fire, whose house is burning,  
 Tho' he already has much more,  
 Than he can find occasion for.

While ev'ry dunce, that turns the plains  
 Tho' bankrupt in estate and brains,  
 By this new light transform'd to traitor,  
 Forsakes his plow to turn dictator,  
 Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,  
 And drags you by the ears, like pigs.  
 All bluster arm'd with factious licence,  
 Transform'd at once to politicians ;  
 Each leather-apron'd clown grown wise,  
 Presents his forward face t' advise,  
 And tatter'd legislators meet  
 From ev'ry workshop thro' the street ;  
 His goose the tailor finds new use in,  
 To patch and turn the constitution ;  
 The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate,  
 To ironbind the wheels of state ;  
 The quack forbears his patient's soufe,  
 To purge the Council and the House,  
 The tinker quits his molds and doxies,  
 To cast assembly-men at proxies.  
 From dunghills deep of fable hue,  
 Your dirtbred patriots spring to view,

To wealth and pow'r and pension rise,  
 Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies ;  
 And fluttring round in proud parade,  
 Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.  
 See \* Arnold quits for ways more certain,  
 His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune,  
 Brews rum no longer in his store,  
 Jockey and skipper now no more ;  
 Forsakes his warehouses and docks,  
 And writs of slander for the pox,  
 And purg'd by patriotisin from shame,  
 Grows Gen'ral of the foremost name,

† *Hiatus,*

For in this ferment of the stream,  
 The dregs have work'd up to the brim,  
 And by the rule of topsyturvy,  
 The skum stands swelling on the surface.  
 You've caus'd your pyramid t' ascend  
 And set it on the little end ;  
 Like Hudibras, your empire's made,  
 Whose crupper had o'ertop'd his head ;  
 You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-  
 Side down and got yourselves a-top :

While

\* Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune, and his curious law suit against a brother-skipper, who had charged him with having caught the abovementioned disease, by his connection with a certain African prince in the West-Indies, with its humorous issue, are matters, not I believe so generally known, as the other circumstances of his public and private character.

† M'Fingal having here inserted the names and characters of several great men, whom the public have not yet fully detected, it is thought proper to omit sundry paragraphs of his speech, in the present edition.

While all the great ones of your state,  
 Are crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight,  
 Nor can you boast this present hour,  
 The shadow of the form of pow'r.  
 For what's your Congress, or its end ?  
 A power t' advise and recommend ;  
 To call for troops, adjust your quotas,  
 And yet no soul is bound to notice ;  
 To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,  
 But cannot bind you to redeem it,  
 And when in want no more in them lies,  
 Than begging of your State-Assemblies ;  
 Can utter oracles of dread,  
 Like friar Bacon's brazen head,  
 But should a faction e'er dispute 'em,  
 Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.  
 As tho' you chose supreme dictators,  
 And put them under conservators ;  
 You've but pursued the selfsame way,  
 With Shakespeare's Trinclo in the play,  
 " You shall be viceroys here, 'tis true,  
 But we'll be viceroys over you."  
 What wild confusion hence must ensue,  
 Tho' common danger yet cements you ;  
 So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,  
 Is held up by surrounding waters,  
 But stranded, when the pressure ceases,  
 Falls by its rottenness to pieces.  
 And fall it must---if wars were ended,  
 You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it ;  
 But creeping on with low intrigues  
 Like vermin of an hundred legs,  
 Will find as short a life assign'd,  
 As all things else of reptile kind.  
 Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,  
 The property of ev'ry varlet,

Which



Which now in taste and full employ,  
 All sorts admire, as all enjoy ;  
 But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,  
 You'll curse and drum her out of town.  
 Such is the government you chose,  
 For this you bade the world be foes,  
 For this so mark'd for dissolution,  
 You scorn the British constitution,  
 That constitution, form'd by sages,  
 The wonder of all modern ages :  
 Which owns no failure in reality,  
 Except corruption and venality ;  
 And only proves the adage just,  
 That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst.  
 So man supreme in mortal station,  
 And mighty lord of this creation,  
 When once his corse is dead as herring,  
 Becomes the most offensive carrion,  
 And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,  
 Than all beasts rotting 'bove the ground.  
 Yet for this gov'nment, to dismay us,  
 You've call'd up anarchy from chaos,  
 With all the followers of her school,  
 Uproar and rage and wild misrule ;  
 For whom this rout of Whigs distracted  
 And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head ;  
 These new-cast legislative engines  
 Of county-musters and conventions,  
 Committees vile of correspondence,  
 And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone 's ;  
 While reason fails to check your course,  
 And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,  
 And folly, like inviting landlord,  
 Hoists on your poles her royal standard.  
 While the king's friends in doleful dumps,  
 Have worn their courage to the stumps,  
And

And leaving George in sad disaster,  
 Most sinfully deny their master.  
 What furies raged when you in sea,  
 In shape of Indians drown'd the tea,  
 When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,  
 Assumed the moggison and hatchet,  
 With wampom'd blankets hid their laces,  
 And like their sweethearts, primed their faces ;  
 While not a redcoat dar'd oppose,  
 And scarce a Tory show'd his nose,  
 While Hutchinson for sure retreat,  
 Manouvred to his country seat,  
 And thence affrighted in the suds,  
 Stole off bareheaded thro' the woods !  
 Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,  
 And make Mandamus-men resign,  
 Call'd forth each duffil-dress'd curmudgeon,  
 With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,  
 Forc'd all our Councils thro' the land,  
 To yield their necks to your command ;  
 While paleness marks their late disgraces  
 Thro' all their rueful length of faces ?  
 Have you not caused as woful work,  
 In loyal city of New-York,  
 When all the rabble well cockaded,  
 In triumph thro' the streets paraded ;  
 And mobb'd the Tories, scared their spouses,  
 And ransack'd all the custom-houses,  
 Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,  
 That mid the clash of tempests warring,  
 Smith's weathercock with veers forlorn,  
 Could hardly tell which way to turn ;  
 Burnt effigies of th' higher powers,  
 Contriv'd in planetary hours,  
 As witches with clay-images,  
 Destroy or torture whom they please ;

Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club  
 Spared not your best friend, Belzebub,  
 O'erlook'd his favours and forgot  
 The rev'rence due his cloven foot,  
 And in the selfsame furnace frying,  
 Burn'd him and North and Bute and Tryon ?  
 Did you not in as vile and shallow way,  
 Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,  
 Your Congress when the daring ribald  
 Belied, berated and bescribbled ?  
 What ropes and halters did you send,  
 Terrific emblems of his end,  
 Till least he'd hang in more than effigy,  
 Fled in a fog the trembling refugee ?  
 Now rising in progression fatal,  
 Have you not ventur'd to give battle ?  
 When treason chased our heroes troubled,  
 With rusty gun and leathern doublet,  
 Turn'd all stonewalls and groves and bushes,  
 To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbusses,  
 And with deep wounds that fate portend,  
 Gaul'd many a reg'lar's latter end,  
 Drove them to Boston, as in jail,  
 Confined without mainprize or bail.  
 Were not these deeds enough betimes,  
 To heap the measure of your crimes,  
 But in this loyal town and dwelling,  
 You raise these ensigns of rebellion ?  
 'Tis done ; fair Mercy shuts her door ;  
 And Vengeance now shall sleep no more ;  
 Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,  
 And wipe this scandal from the skies !  
 You'll see their Dagon, tho' well jointed,  
 Will sink before the Lord's anointed,  
 And like old Jericho's proud wall,  
 Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."

H

This

This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,  
 Call'd forth the Constable to aid,  
 And bade him read in nearer station,  
 The riot-act and proclamation ;  
 Who now advancing tow'rd the ring,  
 Began, " Our sov'reign Lord the King"  
 When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,  
 And clubs and stones assail his ears ;  
 To fly was vain, to fight was idle,  
 By foes encompass'd in the middle ;  
 In stratagem his aid he found,  
 And fell right craftily to ground ;  
 Then erept to seek an hiding place,  
 'Twas all he could, beneath a brace ;  
 Where soon the conq'ring crew espied him,  
 And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.  
 At once with resolution fatal,  
 Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle ;  
 Instead of weapons, either band  
 Seiz'd on such arms, as came to hand.  
 And as fam'd \* Ovid paints th' adventures  
 Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,  
 Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,  
 Threw bottles at each other's head,  
 And these arms failing in their scuffles,  
 Attack'd with handirons, tongs and shovels :  
 So clubs and billets, staves and stones  
 Met fierce, encount'ring ev'ry sconce,  
 And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains  
 Each void receptacle for brains ;  
 Their clamours rend the hills around,  
 And earth rebellows with the sound ;  
 And many a groan increas'd the din  
 From broken nose and batter'd shin.

M'Fingal

\* Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 12.

M'Fingal rising at the word,  
 Drew forth his old militia sword;  
 Thrice cried, "King George," as erst in distress  
 Romancing heroes did their mistress,  
 And brandishing the blade in air,  
 Struck terror thro' th' opposing war.  
 The Whigs, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion shrunk behind.  
 With whirling steel around address'd,  
 Fierce thro' their thickest throng he prefs'd,  
 (Who roll'd on either side in arch,  
 Like Red-sea waves in Israel's march)  
 And like a meteor rushing through,  
 Struck on their part a vengeful blow  
 Around, the Whig of clubs and stones  
 Discharg'd whole volleys in platoons,  
 That o'er in whistling terror fly,  
 But not a foe dares venture nigh.  
 And now perhaps with conquest crown'd,  
 Our 'Squire had fell'd their pole to ground;  
 Had not some Pow'r, a Whig at heart,  
 Descended down and took their part;  
 (Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars or Iris,  
 'Tis scarce worth while to make enquiries)  
 Who at the nick of time alarming,  
 Assumed the graver form of Chairman;  
 Address'd a Whig, in ev'ry scene  
 The stoutest wrestler on the green,  
 And pointed where the spade was found,  
 Late used to fix their pole in ground,  
 And urg'd with equal arms and might  
 To dare our 'Squire to single fight.\*

The

\* The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Aeneas and Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,  
 Advanc'd tremendous to the field ;  
 Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,  
 But stood to brave the desp'rate blow ;  
 While all the party gaz'd suspended,  
 To see the deadly combat ended.  
 And Jove in equal balance weigh'd  
 The sword against the brandish'd spade,  
 He weigh'd ; but lighter than a dream,  
 The sword flew up and kick'd the beam.  
 Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair,  
 Lifts high a noble stroke in air,  
 Which hung not, but like dreadful engines  
 Descended on the foe in vengeance,  
 But ah, in danger with dishonor  
 The sword perfidious fails its owner ;  
 That sword, which oft had stood its ground  
 By huge trainbands encompass'd round,  
 Or on the bench, with blade right loyal,  
 Had won the day at many a trial,  
 Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,  
 Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.  
 The spade so temper'd from the sledge,  
 Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,  
 Now met it from his arm of might  
 Descending with steep force to smite ;  
 The blade snapp'd short--and from his hand  
 With rust embrown'd the glitt'ring sand.  
 Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,  
 And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,  
 In vain ; the Tories all had run,  
 When scarce the fight was well begun ;  
 Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd,  
 Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.  
 Amaz'd he view'd the shameful sight,  
 And saw no refuge but in flight :

But



But age unweildy check'd his pace,  
 Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race;  
 For not a trifling prize at stake;  
 No less than great M'Fingal's back.  
 With legs and arms he work'd his course,  
 Like rider that outgoes his horse,  
 And labour'd hard to get away, as  
 Old Satan \* struggling on thro' chaos:  
 Till looking back he spied in rear  
 The spade-arm'd chief advanc'd too near.  
 Then stopp'd and seiz'd a stone that lay,  
 An antient land-mark near the way;  
 Nor shall we, as old Bards have done,  
 Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;  
 But such a stone as at a shift  
 A modern might suffice to lift,  
 Since men, to credit their enigmas,  
 Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,  
 And giants exiled with their cronies,  
 To Brobdignags and Patagonias.  
 But while our hero turn'd him round,  
 And stoop'd to raise it from the ground,  
 The deadly spade discharg'd a blow  
 Tremendous on his rear below:  
 His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength,  
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length;  
 Like antient oak o'erturn'd he lay,  
 Or tow'rs to tempests fall'n a prey,  
 And more things else---but all men know 'em,  
 If slightly vers'd in Epic Poem.  
 At once the crew, at this sad crisis,  
 Fall on and bind him ere he rises,  
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul  
 Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.

When

\* In Milton.

When now the Mob in lucky hour,  
 Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,  
 They first proceed by wise command  
 To take the constable in hand.  
 Then from the pole's sublimest top,  
 They speeded to let down the rope,  
 At once its other end in haste bind,  
 And make it fast upon his waistband,  
 Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,  
 He hung self-balanc'd on his center.  
 Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,  
 They swung him, like a keg of ale,  
 Till to the pinnacle so fair,  
 He rose like meteor in the air.  
 As \* Socrates of old at first did  
 To aid philosophy get hoisted,  
 And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,  
 Swung in a basket in mid air :  
 Our culprit thus in purer sky,  
 With like advantage rais'd his eye ;  
 And looking forth in prospect wide  
 His Tory errors clearly spied,  
 And from his elevated station,  
 With bawling voice began addressing,  
 " Good gentlemen and friends and kin,  
 For heav'n's sake hear, if not for mine !  
 I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,  
 The King, the Devil and all their works ;  
 And will, fet me but once at ease,  
 Turn Whig or Christian, what you please ;  
 And always mind your laws as justly ;  
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,  
 I'll never join with British rage,  
 Nor help Lord North, or Gen'ral Gage,

Nor

\* Socrates is represented in Aristophanes's Comedy of the Clouds, as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

Nor lift my gun in future fights,  
 Nor take away your charter'd rights;  
 Nor overcome your new-rai'd levies,  
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies,  
 Nor cut your poles down while I've breath;  
 Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel-teeth :  
 But leave king George and all his elves  
 To do their conq'ring work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,  
 Spread at all points like falling cat ;  
 But took a vote first on the question,  
 That they'd accept this full confession,  
 And to their fellowship and favor,  
 Restore him on his good behaviour.

Not so, our 'Squire submits to rule,  
 But stood heroic as a mule.  
 " You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,  
 To play your rebel tricks on me.  
 All punishments the world can render,  
 Serve only to provoke th' offender ;  
 The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,  
 As hides grow harder when they're curried.  
 No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
 With good opinion of the law ;  
 Or held in method orthodox  
 His love of justice in the stocks ;  
 Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears  
 At once his loyalty and ears.  
 Have you made Murray look less big,  
 Or smoak'd old Williams to a Whig ?  
 Did our mobb'd Oliver quit his station,  
 Or heed his vows of resignation ?  
 Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,  
 Ceas'd lying since you stole his types ?  
 And can you think my faith will alter,  
 By tarring, whipping, or the halter ?

I'll stand the worst ; for recompence  
 I trust King George and Providence.  
 And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,  
 Array'd in law and terror home,  
 You'll rue this inauspicious morn,  
 And curse the day you e'er were born,  
 In Job's high style of imprecations,  
 With all his plagues, without his patience."  
 Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard  
 A Bench of Justice had prepar'd,  
 Where sitting round in awful sort,  
 The grand Committee hold their court ;  
 While all the crew in silent awe,  
 Wait from their lips the lore of law.  
 Few moments with deliberation,  
 They hold the solemn consultation,  
 When soon in judgment all agree,  
 And Clerk declares the dread decree ;  
 " That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown  
 The vilest Tory in the town,  
 And now on full examination,  
 Convicted by his own confession,  
 Finding no tokens of repentance,  
 This Court proceed to render sentence :  
 That first the Mob a slip-knot single  
 Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal ;  
 And in due form do tar him next,  
 And feather, as the law directs ;  
 Then thro' the town attendant ride him,  
 In cart with Constable beside him,  
 And having held him up to shame,  
 Bring to the pole from whence he came."  
 Forthwith the croud proceed to deck  
 With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,  
 While he, in peril of his soul,  
 Stood tied half-hanging to the pole ;

Then

Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,  
 Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar :  
 With less profusion erst was spread  
 The Jewish oil on royal head,  
 That down his beard and vestments ran,  
 And cover'd all his outward man,  
 As when (so \* Claudian sings) the Gods  
 And earth-born giants fell at odds,  
 The stout Enceladus in malice  
 Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas ;  
 And as he held them o'er his head,  
 The river from their fountains fed,  
 Pour'd down his back its copious tide,  
 And wore its channels in his hyde :  
 So from the high rais'd urn the torrents,  
 Spread down his side their various currents ;  
 His flowing wig, as next the brim,  
 First met and drank the sable stream ;  
 Adown his visage stern and grave,  
 Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave ;  
 With arms depending as he stood,  
 Each cuff capacious holds the flood ;  
 From nose and chin's remotest end,  
 The tarry icicles depend ;  
 Till all o'erspread, with colors gay  
 He glitter'd to the western ray,  
 Like fleet-bound trees in wintry skies,  
 Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.  
 And now the feather-bag display'd,  
 Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,  
 And spreads him o'er with feathers missive,  
 And down upon the tar adhesive :  
 Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,  
 Such plumes around his visage wears ;

I

Nor

\* Claudian's Gigantomachia.

Nor Milton's fix wing'd angel gathers,  
Such superfluity of feathers.

Till all compleat appears our 'Squire  
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire ;  
Nor more could boast on \* Plato's plan  
To rank amid the race of man,  
Or prove his claim to human nature,  
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,  
They rais'd our grand Duumvirate.  
And as at Rome a like committee,  
That found an owl within their city,  
With solemn rites and sad processions,  
At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustrations ;  
And least infection should abound,  
From prodigy with face so round,  
All Rome attends him thro' the street,  
In triumph to his country-seat :  
With like devotion all the choir  
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squire ;  
In front the martial music comes  
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,  
With jingling sound of carriage bells,  
And treble creak of rusted wheels ;  
Behind, the croud in lengthen'd row,  
With grave procession closed the show ;  
And at fit periods ev'ry throat  
Combined in universal shout,  
And hail'd great Liberty in choros,  
Or bawl'd, Confusion to the Tories.  
Not louder storm the welkin waves,  
From clamors of conflicting waves ;  
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise  
When rav'ning lions lift their voice ;

Or

\* Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, "*Animal bipes, implumis*."



Or triumphs at town-meetings made,  
On passing votes to reg'late trade.

Thus having borne them round the town,  
Last at the pole they set them down,  
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,  
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the Mob dispers'd and gone,  
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.

The Constable in rueful case  
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace,  
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,  
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,  
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,  
Like barnacle on vessel's side.

But tho' his body lack'd physician,  
His spirit, was in worse condition.  
He found his fears of whips and ropes,  
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.

As men in goal without mainprize,  
View ev'ry thing with other eyes,  
And all goes wrong in church and state  
Seen thro' perspective of the grate ;

So now M'Fingal's second-sight  
Beheld all things in diff'rent light ;  
His visual nerve, well purg'd with tar,  
Saw all the coming scenes of war.

As his prophetic soul grew stronger,  
He found he could hold in no longer ;  
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,  
His wig from pitchy durance broke,  
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,  
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd.

" Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain  
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain !  
Behold my doom ! this feather'd omen  
Portends what dismal times are coming.

Now

Now future scenes before my eyes,  
 And second-sighted forms arise ;  
 I hear a voice that calls away,  
 And cries, the Whigs will win the day ;  
 My beck'ning Genius gives command,  
 And bids us fly the fatal land ;  
 Where changing name and constitution,  
 Rebellion turns to revolution,  
 While Loyalty oppres'd in tears,  
 Stands trembling for its neck and ears.  
 Go, summon all our brethren greeting,  
 To muster at our usual meeting.  
 There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em,  
 Of all things future that concern 'em,  
 And scenes disclose on which, my friend,  
 Their conduct and their lives depend :  
 There I---but first 'tis more of use,  
 From this vile pole to set me loose ;  
 Then go with cautious steps and steady,  
 While I steer home and make all ready.

END OF CANTO THIRD



M ' F I N G A L :  
C A N T O F O U R T H ,  
O R  
T H E V I S I O N .

NOW night came down, and rose full soon  
That patroness of rogues, the Moon ;  
Beneath whose kind, protecting ray  
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.  
The honest world all snored in chorus,  
While owls, and ghosts and thieves and Tories,  
Whom erst the mid-day sun had aw'd,  
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.  
On cautious hinges, slow and stiller  
Wide oped the great M'Fingal's \* cellar,  
Where shut from prying eyes in cluster,  
The Tory Pandemonium muster.  
Their chiefs all sitting round descried are,  
On kegs of ale and seats of cyder ;  
When first M'Fingal dimly seen  
Rose solemn from the turnep-bin.  
Nor yet his † form had wholly lost  
The original brightness it could boast,

Nor

\* Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,  
Conciliumq; vocat Divum pater atq; hominum rex  
Sideream in sedem. Lib. 10. Æneid.

† ----- His form had not yet lost  
All its original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Archangel ruin'd,

Milton.

Nor less appear'd than Justice Quorum,  
 In feather'd majesty before 'em.  
 Adown his tarstreak'd visage, clear  
 Fell glist'ning fast th' indignant tear,  
 And thus his voice, in mournful wise,  
 Pursued the prologue of his sighs.

"Brethren and friends, the glorious band  
 Of loyalty in rebel land !  
 It was not thus you've seen me sitting  
 Return'd in triumph from town-meeting,  
 When blustering Whigs were put to stand,  
 And votes obey'd my guiding hand,  
 And new commissions pleas'd my eyes ;  
 Blest days, but ah, no more to rise !  
 Alas, against my better light  
 And optics sure of second-sight,  
 My stubborn soul in error strong,  
 Had faith in Hutchinson too long.  
 See what brave trophies still we bring  
 From all our battles for the king ;  
 And yet these plagues now past before us,  
 Are but our entring wedge of sorrows.  
 I see in glooms tempestuous stand  
 The cloud impending o'er the land ;  
 That cloud, which still beyond their hopes  
 Serves all our orators with tropes,  
 Which tho' from our own vapors fed,  
 Shall point its thunders on our head !  
 I see the Mob, beslipp'd in taverns,  
 Hunt us, like wolves, thro' wilds and caverns !  
 What dungeons rise t' alarm our fears,  
 What horsewhips whistle round our ears !  
 Tar yet in embrio in the pine  
 Shall run, on Tories backs to shine ;  
 Trees rooted fair in groves of fallows  
 Are growing for our future gallows ;

And

And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray;  
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day.

For me, before these fatal days  
I mean to fly th' accursed place,  
And follow omens, which of late  
Have warn'd me of impending fate;  
Yet pass'd unnoticed o'er my view,  
Till sad conviction proved them true;  
As prophecies of best intent,  
Are only heeded in th' event.

For late in visions of the night  
The gallows stood before my sight;  
I saw its ladder heav'd on end;  
I saw the deadly rope descend;  
And in its noose that wav'ring swang,  
Friend \* Malcolm hung, or seem'd to hang.  
How changed from him, who bold as lion,  
Stood Aid-de-Camp to Governor Tryon,  
Made rebels vanish once, like witches,  
And saved his life, but dropp'd his breeches.  
I scarce had made a fearful bow,  
And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye do."  
When lifting up his eyes so wide,  
His eyes alone, his hands were tied;  
With feeble voice, as spirits use,  
Now almost choak'd with gripe of noose;

" Ah

\* Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition against the Regulators in North-Carolina, where in the engagement he met with the accident of the breeches here alluded to. He was afterwards an under-officer of the customs in Boston, where becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half hanged by the mob, about the year 1774. After this he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and sufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent against Whigs and Tories.

The pretences of the Highlanders to prophecy by second-sight are too well known to need an explanation.

" Ah † fly, my friend, he cried, escape;  
 And keep yourself from this sad scrape;  
 Enough you've talk'd and writ and plann'd;  
 The Whigs have got the upper hand.  
 Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd so short,  
 It plung'd us fairly in the dirt;  
 Could mortal arm our fears have ended,  
 This arm (and shook it) had defended.  
 But longer now, 'tis vain to stay;  
 See ev'n the Reg'lars run away:  
 Wait not till things grow desperater,  
 For hanging is no laughing matter:  
 This might your grandfires' fortunes tell you on  
 Who both were hang'd the last rebellion;  
 Adventure then no longer stay,  
 But call your friends and run away.  
 For lo, thro' deepest glooms of night  
 I come to aid thy second-fight,  
 Disclose the plagues that round us wait  
 And wake the dark decrees of fate.  
 Ascend this ladder whence unfurl'd  
 The curtain opes of t'other world,  
 For here new worlds their scenes unfold,  
 Seen from this backdoor of the old.  
 As when *Aeneas* risked his life,  
 Like *Orpheus* vent'ring for his wife,  
 And bore in show his mortal carcase,  
 Thro' realms of *Erebus* and *Orcus*,  
 Then in the happy fields *Elysian*,  
 Saw all his embryon sons in vision:  
 As shown by great archangel, *Michael*,  
 Old *Adam* saw the world's whole sequel,  
And

† There is in this scene a general allusion to the appearance and speech of *Hector's* ghost in the second book of the *Iliad*.



And from the mount's extended space;  
 The rising fortunes of his race;  
 So from this stage shalt thou behold,  
 The war its coming scenes unfold,  
 Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye;  
 My Adam, thou, thine Angel, I.  
 But first my pow'r for visions \* bright,  
 Must cleanse from clouds thy mental sight,  
 Remove the dim suffusions spread,  
 Which bribes and fal'ries there have bred;  
 And from the well of Bute infuse,  
 Three genuine drops of Highland dew,  
 To purge, like euphrasy and rue,  
 Thine eyes, for much thou hast to view.  
 Now freed from Tory darkness raise  
 Thy head and spy the coming days;  
 For lo before our second-fight,  
 The Continent ascends in light;  
 From north to south what gath'ring swarms,  
 Increase the pride of rebel arms!  
 Thro' ev'ry State our legions brave,  
 Speed gallant marches to the grave,  
 Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,  
 While rebel trophies stain the skies.  
 Behold o'er northern realms afar,  
 Extend the kindling flames of war!  
 See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,  
 Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall!  
 Where Hudson with majestic sway,  
 Thro' hills disparted plows his way;  
 Fate spreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,  
 And pours destruction on our arms;  
 There Bennington's ensanguin'd plain,  
 And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne.

Behold

K

\* See Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II.

Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,  
 Where morn'g dawns on Trenton's shore,  
 While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts;  
 Rush rude these uninvited guests;  
 Nor aught avail, to Whigs a prize,  
 Their martial whiskers' grisly size.  
 On Princeton plains our heroes yield,  
 And spread in flight the vanquish'd field,  
 While fear to Mawhood's heels puts on  
 Wings, wide as worn by Maia's son.  
 Behold the Pennsylvanian shore,  
 Enrich'd with streams of British gore;  
 Where many a vet'ran chief in bed  
 Of honor rests his slumbring head,  
 And in soft vales in land of foes,  
 Their wearied virtue finds repose.  
 See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band  
 Fly headlong from Virginia's strand;  
 And far on southern hills our cousins,  
 The Scotch M'Donalds fall by dozens;  
 Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,  
 Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!  
 Behold o'er Tarlton's blustering train,  
 The Rebels stretch the captive chain!  
 Afar near Eutaw's fatal springs  
 Descending Vict'ry spreads her wings!  
 Thro' all the land in various chace,  
 We hunt the rainbow of success;  
 In vain! their Chief superior still  
 Eludes our force with Fabian skill,  
 Or swift descending by surprize,  
 Like Prussia's eagle sweeps the prize."  
 I look'd, nor yet, oppress'd with fears,  
 Gave credit to my eyes or ears,  
 But held the views an empty dream,  
 On Berkly's immaterial scheme;

And

And pondring sad with troubled breast  
 At length my rising doubts express'd.  
 " Ah whither, thus by rebels smitten,  
 Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,  
 Or fail'd its usual guard to keep,  
 Gone traunting or fall'n asleep ;  
 As Baal his prophets left confounded,  
 And bawling vot'ries gash'd and wounded ?  
 Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,  
 Great Mars leave with her his commission,  
 And Neptune erst in treaty free,  
 Give up dominion o'er the sea ?  
 Else where's the faith of famed orations,  
 Address, debate and proclamations,  
 Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,  
 And ballads on the watry God ;  
 With whose high strains great George enriches  
 His eloquence of gracious speeches ?  
 Not faithful to our Highland eyes,  
 These deadly forms of vision rise ;  
 But sure some Whig-inspiring sprite  
 Now palms delusion on our sight.  
 I'd scarcely trust à tale so vain,  
 Should revelation prompt the strain,  
 Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse,  
 In all the melody of \* Erse."  
 " Too long, quoth Malcolm, with confusion ]  
 You've dwelt already in delusion,  
 As Sceptics, of all fools the chief,  
 Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.  
 I come to draw thy veil aside  
 Of error, prejudice and pride.  
 Fools love deception, but the wise  
 Prefer sad truths to pleasing lies.  
 For know those hopes can ne'er succeed  
 That trust on Britain's breaking reed.

For

\* Erse, the ancient Scottisl. language, in which Ossian wrote his poems.

For weak'ning long from bad to worse  
 By fatal atrophy of purse,  
 She feels at length with trembling heart,  
 Her foes have found her mortal part.  
 As famed Achilles, dipt by Thetis  
 In Styx, as sung in antient ditties,  
 Grew all caseharden'd o'er like steel,  
 Invulnerable, save his heel,  
 And laugh'd at swords and spears, as squibs;  
 And all diseases, but the kibes;  
 Yet met at last his fatal wound,  
 By Paris' arrow nail'd to ground:  
 So Britain's boasted strength deserts,  
 In these her empire's utmost skirts,  
 Remov'd beyond her fierce impressions,  
 And atmosphere of omnipresence;  
 Nor to these shores remoter ends,  
 Her dwarf omnipotence extends:  
 Whence in this turn of things so strange,  
 'Tis time our principles to change.  
 For vain that boasted faith, which gathers  
 No perquisite, but tar and feathers,  
 No pay, but Whig's insulting malice,  
 And no promotion, but the gallows.  
 I've long enough stood firm and steady,  
 Half hang'd for loyalty already:  
 And could I save my neck and pelf  
 I'd turn a flaming Whig myself,  
 And quit this cause and course and calling,  
 Like rats that fly from house that's falling.  
 But since, obnoxious here to fate,  
 This saving wisdom comes too late,  
 Our noblest hopes already crost,  
 Our sal'ries gone, our titles lost,  
 Doom'd to worse suff'rings from the mob,  
 Than Satan's surg'ries used on Job;

What

What more remains but now with flight,  
What's left of us to save by flight ?

Now raise thine eyes for visions true  
Again ascending wait thy view."

I look'd and clad in early light,  
The spires of Boston rose to sight ;  
The morn o'er eastern hills afar,  
Illum'd the varying scenes of war.  
Great Howe had long since in the lap  
Of Loring taken out his nap,  
And with the sun's ascending ray,  
The cuckold came to take his pay.  
When all th' encircling hills around,  
With instantaneous breastworks crown'd,  
With pointed thunders met his fight,  
By magic rear'd the former night.  
Each summit, far as eye commands,  
Shone peopled with rebellious bands.  
Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,  
As Titans erst assail'd the skies,  
Leagued with superior force to prove,  
The scepter'd hand of British Jove.  
Mounds piled on hills ascended fair  
With batt'ries placed in middle air,  
That rais'd like angry clouds on high  
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the sky,  
And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,  
In thunder on the trembling plain.  
I saw along the prostrate strand,  
Our baffled Gen'als quit the land,  
And swift as frightened mermaids flee,  
T' our boasted element, the sea !  
Resign that long contested shore,  
Again the prize of rebel-power,  
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,  
Like convict Jews condemn'd to die.

Then

Then tow'rd the north, I turn'd my eyes,  
 Where Saratoga's heights arise,  
 And saw our chosen vet'ran band,  
 Descend in terror o'er the land;  
 T' oppose this fury of alarms,  
 Saw all New-England wake to arms,  
 And ev'ry Yanky full of mettle,  
 Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.  
 Not Rome, when Tarquin raped Lucretia,  
 Saw wilder mustering of militia.  
 'Thro' all the woods and plains of fight,  
 What mortal battles fill'd my sight,  
 While British corpes strew'd the shore,  
 And Hudson ting'd his streams with gore !  
 What tongue can tell the dismal day,  
 Or paint the party-color'd fray;  
 When yeomen left their fields afar,  
 To plow the crimson plains of war ;  
 When zeal to swords transformed their shares,  
 And turn'd their pruning-hooks to spears,  
 Chang'd tailor's geese to guns and ball,  
 And stretch'd to pikes the cobbler's awl ;  
 While hunters fierce like mighty Nimrod,  
 Made on our troops a daring inroad ;  
 And levelling squint on barrel round,  
 Brought our beau-officers to ground ;  
 While rifle-frocks sent Gen'als cap'ring,  
 And redcoats shrunk from leathern apron,  
 And epaulette and gorget run  
 From whinyard brown and rusty gun :  
 While sunburnt wigs in high command,  
 Rush furious on our frighted band,  
 And antient beards and hoary hair,  
 Like meteors stream in troubled air.  
 With locks unshorn not Samson more  
 Made useless all the show of war,

Nor

Nor fought with asses jaw for rarity,  
 With more success or singularity.  
 I saw our vet'ran thousands yield  
 And pile their muskets on the field,  
 And peasant guards in rueful plight  
 March off our captured bands from fight;  
 While ev'ry rebel-fife in play,  
 To Yanky-doodle tun'd its lay,  
 And like the music of the spheres,  
 Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears.

" Alas, said I, what baleful star,  
 Sheds fatal influence on the war,  
 And who that chosen Chief of fame,  
 That heads this grand parade of shame ?"

" There see how fate, great Malcolm cried,  
 Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of pride.  
 Behold that martial Macaroni,  
 Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,  
 With warlike sword and singsong lay,  
 Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,  
 Where equal wit and valour join ;  
 This, this is he, the famed Burgoyne :  
 Who pawn'd his honor and commission,  
 To coax the Patriots to submission,  
 By songs and balls secure obedience,  
 And dance the ladies to allegiance.  
 Oft his camp muses he'll parade,  
 At Boston in the grand blockade,  
 And well invoked with punch of arrack,  
 Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,  
 Inspired in more heroic fashion,  
 Both by his theme and situation ;  
 While farce and proclamation grand,  
 Rise fair beneath his plastic hand.  
 For genius swells more strong and clear  
 When close confin'd, like bottled beer :



So Prior's wit gain'd greater pow'r,  
 By inspiration of the tow'r ;  
 And Raleigh fast in prison hurl'd  
 Wrote all the hist'ry of the world :  
 So Wilkes grew, while in goal he lay,  
 More patriotic ev'ry day,  
 But found his zeal, when not confin'd,  
 Soon sink below the freezing point,  
 And public spirit once so fair,  
 Evaporate in open air.  
 But thou, great favorite of Venus,  
 By no such luck shalt cramp thy genius ;  
 Thy friendly stars till wars shall cease,  
 Shall ward th' illfortune of release,  
 And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,  
 In good condition still to scribble.  
 Such merit fate shall shield from firing,  
 Bomb, carcase, langridge and cold iron,  
 Nor trusts thy doubly laurell'd head,  
 To rude assaults of flying lead.  
 Hence in this Saratogue retreat,  
 For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat ;  
 Not taken oft, releas'd or rescued,  
 Pass for small change, like simple Prescott ;  
 But captured there, as fates befall,  
 Shalt stand thy hand for't, once for all.  
 Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,  
 And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,  
 And changing war for puns and jokes,  
 Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks \*.  
 This said, he turn'd, and saw the tale,  
 Had dyed my trembling cheeks with pale ;  
 Then

\* The Maid of the Oaks and the Blockade of Boston, are  
 farces---the first acknowledged by General Burgoyne, the  
 other generally ascribed to him.

Then pitying in a milder vein  
Pursued the visionary strain.

" Too much perhaps hath pain'd your views  
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews ;  
Now see the deeds not small or scanty,  
Of British Valor and Humanity ;  
And learn from this auspicious fight,  
How England's sons and friends can fight,  
In what dread scenes their courage grows,  
And how they conquer all their foes."

I look'd and saw in wintry skies  
Our spacious prison-walls arise,  
Where Britons all their captives taming,  
Plied them with scourging, cold and famine ;  
Reduced to life's concluding stages,  
By noxious food and plagues contagious.  
Aloft the mighty Loring stood,  
And thrived, like \* Vampyre, on their blood,  
And counting all his gains arising,  
Dealt daily rations out of poison.  
Amid the dead that croud the scene,  
The moving skeletons were seen.  
At hand our troops in vaunting strains,  
Insulted all their wants and pains,  
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,  
The bitter taunt and scornful gibe :  
And British officers of might,  
Triumphant at the joyful fight,  
O'er foes disarm'd with courage daring,  
Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.  
Around all strain'd with rebel blood,  
Like Milton's lazar house it stood,

L

Where

\* The notion of Vampyres is a superstition, that has  
greatly prevailed in many parts of Europe. They pretend  
it is a dead body, which rises out of its grave in the night,  
and sucks the blood of the living.

Where grim Despair attended nurse,  
 And Death was Gov'rnor of the house.  
 Amaz'd I cried, "Is this the way,  
 That British Valour wins the day?"  
 More had I said, in strains unwelcome,  
 Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:  
 "Blame not, quoth he, but learn the reason  
 Of this new mode of conqu'ring treason.  
 'Tis but a wise, politic plan,  
 To root out all the rebel-clan;  
 (For surely treason ne'er can thrive,  
 Where not a soul is left alive :)  
 A scheme, all other chiefs to surpass,  
 And to do th' effectual work to purpose.  
 For war itself is nothing further,  
 But th' art and mystery of murder,  
 And who most methods has essay'd,  
 Is the best Gen'ral of the trade,  
 And stands Death's Plenipotentiary,  
 To conquer, poison, starve and bury.  
 This Howe well knew, and thus began,  
 (Despising Carlton's coaxing plan,  
 Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,  
 And dealt them food like Commissary,  
 And by paroles and ransoms vain,  
 Dismiss'd them all to fight again :)  
 Whence his first captives with great spirit,  
 He tied up for his troops to fire \* at,  
 And hoped they'd learn on foes thus taken,  
 To aim at rebels without shaking.  
 Then wise in stratagem he plann'd  
 The sure destruction of the land,

Turn'd

\* This was done openly and without censure by the troops under Howe's command in many instances, on his first conquest of Long-Island.

Turn'd famine, sickness and despair,  
 To useful enginry of war,  
 Instead of cannon, musket, mortar,  
 Used pestilence and death and torture,  
 Sent forth the small pox and the greater,  
 To thin the land of ev'ry traitor,  
 And order'd out with like endeavour,  
 Detachments of the prison-fever ;  
 Spread desolation o'er their head,  
 And plagues in Providence's stead,  
 Perform'd with equal skill and beauty,  
 Th' avenging angel's tour of duty,  
 Brought all the elements to join,  
 And stars t' assist the great design,  
 As once in league with Kishon's brook,  
 Famed Israel's foes they fought and took.  
 Then proud to raise a glorious name,  
 And em'lous of his country's fame,  
 He bade these prison-walls arise,  
 Like temple tow'ring to the skies,  
 Where British Clemency renown'd,  
 Might fix her seat on sacred ground ;  
 (That Virtue, as each herald saith,  
 Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith)  
 Where all her Godlike pow'rs unveiling,  
 She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in,  
 Then at this altar for her honor,  
 Chose this Highpriest to wait upon her,  
 Who with just rites, in antient guises,  
 Presents these human sacrifices ;  
 Great Loring, famed above laymen,  
 A proper Priest for Lybian Ammon,  
 Who, while Howe's gift his brews adorns,  
 Had match'd that deity in horns.  
 Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell  
 She more devours than th' idol Bel ;

And

And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,  
 Than any worshipp'd Pow'r before.  
 That antient Heathen Godhead, Moloch,  
 Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock,  
 Or if his morning rage you'd check first,  
 One child sufficed him for a breakfast.  
 But British Clemency with zeal  
 Devours her hundreds at a meal,  
 Right well by Nat'ralists defined,  
 A Being of carniv'rous kind.  
 So erst \*Gargantua pleas'd his palate,  
 And eat his pilgrims up for fallad.  
 Not blest with maw less ceremonious,  
 The wide-mouth'd whale that swallow'd Jonas;  
 Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,  
 That open sepulchre, her throat;  
 The grave, or barren womb you'd stuff,  
 And sooner bring to cry, enough;  
 Or fatten up to fair condition,  
 The leanflesh'd kine of Pharaoh's vision.  
 Behold her temple where it stands  
 Erect by famed Britannic hands;  
 'Tis the blackhole of Indian structure,  
 New-built with English architecture,  
 On plan, 'tis said, contrived and wrote,  
 By Clive, before he cut his throat;  
 Who ere he took himself in hand,  
 Was her Highpriest in Nabob-land:  
 And when with conq'ring glory crown'd,  
 He'd well enslav'd the nation round,  
 With pitying heart the gen'rous chief,  
 (Since slav'ry's worse than loss of life)  
 Bade desolation circle far,  
 And famine end the work of war;

Thus

\* See Rabelais's history of the giant Gargantua.

Thus loosed their chains and for their merits,  
 Dismiss'd them free to worlds of spirits :  
 Whence they with gratitude and praise,  
 Return'd \* to attend his latter days,  
 And hov'ring round his restless bed,  
 Spread nightly visions o'er his head.

" Now turn, he cried, to nobler fights,  
 And mark the prowess of our fights :  
 Behold like whelps of British Lyon,  
 The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan and Tryon,  
 March forth with patriotic joy,  
 To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.  
 Great Gen'als foremost in the nation,  
 The journeymen of Desolation !  
 Like Samson's foxes each assails,  
 Let loose with firebrands in their tails,  
 And spreads destruction more forlorn,  
 Than they did in Philistine corn.  
 And see in flames their triumphs rise,  
 Illuming all the nether skies,  
 And streaming, like a new Aurora,  
 The western hemisphere with glory !  
 What towns in ashes laid confess  
 These heroes' prowess and success !  
 What blacken'd walls, or burning fane,  
 For trophies spread the ruin'd plain !  
 What females caught in evil hour,  
 By force submit to British power,  
 Or plunder'd Negroes in disaster  
 Confess king George their lord and master !  
 What crimson corsees strew their way  
 Till smocking carnage dims the day !

Along

\* Clive in the latter years of his life conceived himself perpetually haunted by the ghosts of those, who were the victims of his British humanity in the East-Indies.

Along the shore for sure reduction  
 They wield their besom of destruction.  
 Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,  
 To dogstar bright the fierce Achilles;  
 But ne'er beheld in red procession,  
 Three dogstars rise in constellation;  
 Or saw in glooms of ev'ning misty,  
 Such signs of fiery triplicity,  
 Which far beyond the comet's tail,  
 Portend destruction where they sail.  
 Oh had Great-Britain's godlike shore,  
 Produced but ten such heroes more,  
 They'd spared the pains and held the station,  
 Of this world's final conflagration,  
 Which when its time comes, at a stand,  
 Would find its work all done t' its hand!

Yet tho' gay hopes our eyes may bless;  
 Indignant fate forbids success;  
 Like morning dreams our conquest flies,  
 Dispers'd before the dawn arise."

Here Malcolm paus'd; when pond'ring long,  
 Grief thus gave utterance to my tongue.

"Where shrink in fear our friends dismay'd,  
 And all the Tories' promis'd aid,  
 Can none amid these fierce alarms  
 Assist the pow'r of royal arms?"

"In vain, he cried, our king depends,  
 On promis'd aid of Tory-friends.  
 When our own efforts want success,  
 Friends ever fail as fears increase.  
 As leaves in blooming verdure wove,  
 In warmth of summer cloath the grove,  
 But when autumnal frosts arise,  
 Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies;  
 So while your pow'r can aid their ends,  
 You ne'er can need ten thousand friends,

But



But once in want by foes dismay'd,  
 May advertise them stol'n or stray'd.  
 Thus ere Great-Britain's strength grew slack;  
 She gain'd that aid, she did not lack,  
 But now in dread, imploring pity,  
 All hear unmov'd her dol'rous ditty;  
 Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,  
 And Faith grows dim for lack of pay.  
 In vain she tries by new inventions,  
 Fear, falshood, flatt'ry, threats and pensions;  
 Or sends Commiss'ners with credentials  
 Of promises and penitentials.  
 As for his fare o'er Styx of old,  
 The Trojan stole the bough of gold,  
 And least grim Cerberus should make head,  
 Stuff'd both his fobs with \* gingerbread;  
 Behold at Britain's utmost shifts,  
 Comes Johnstone loaded with like gifts,  
 To venture thro' the Whiggish tribe,  
 To cuddle, wheedle, coax and bribe,  
 Enter their lands and on his journey,  
 Possession take, as King's Attorney,  
 Buy all the vassals to protect him,  
 And bribe the tenants not t' eject him;  
 And call to aid his desp'rate mission,  
 His petticoated politician,  
 While Venus join'd t' assist the farce,  
 Strolls forth Embassador for Mars.  
 In vain he strives, for while he lingers,  
 These mastiffs bite his off'ring fingers;  
 Nor buys for George and realms infernal,  
 One spaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.

“'Twere

\* ----- Medicatam sanguibus offam  
 Æneid. lib. 6. lin. 410.

"Twere vain to paint in vision'd show,  
 The mighty nothings done by Howe;  
 What towns he takes in mortal fray,  
 As stations, whence to run away;  
 What conquests gain'd in battles warm,  
 To us no aid, to them no harm;  
 For still the event alike is fatal,  
 What'er success attend the battle,  
 If he gain victory, or lose it,  
 Who ne'er had skill enough to use it;  
 And better 'twere at their expence,  
 T' have drubb'd him into common sense,  
 And wak'd by bastings on his rear,  
 Th' activity, tho' but of fear.  
 By slow advance his arms prevail,  
 Like emblematic march of snail;  
 That be Millennium nigh or far,  
 'Twould long before him end the war.  
 From York to Philadelphian ground,  
 He sweeps the mighty flourish round,  
 Wheel'd circ'lar by excentric stars,  
 Like racing boys at prison-bars,  
 Who take the adverse crew in whole,  
 By running round the opp'site goal;  
 Works wide the traverse of his course,  
 Like ship in storms' opposing force,  
 Like millhorse circling in his race,  
 Advances not a single pace,  
 And leaves no trophies of reduction,  
 Save that of cankerworms, destruction.  
 Thus having long both countries curst,  
 He quits them, as he found them first,  
 Steers home disgraced, of little worth,  
 To join Burgoyne and rail at North.  
 Now raise thine eyes, and view with pleasure,  
 The triumphs of his famed successor."

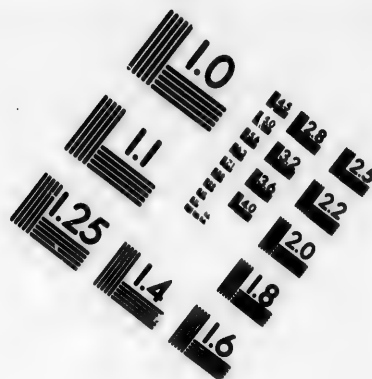
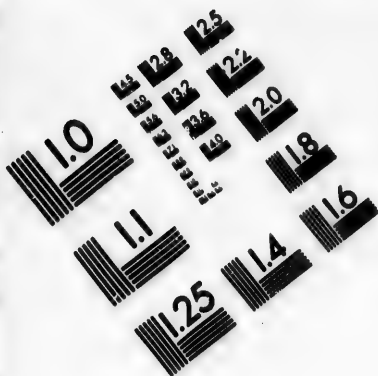
I look'd, and now by magic lore,  
 Faint rose to view the Jersey shore ;  
 But dimly seen, in glooms array'd,  
 For Night had pour'd her sable shade,  
 And ev'ry star, with glimm'rings pale,  
 Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil :  
 Scarce visible in dusky night,  
 Advancing redcoats rose to sight ;  
 The lengthen'd train in gleaming rows  
 Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes,  
 Slow moved the baggage and the train;  
 Like snail crept noiseless o'er the plain;  
 No trembling soldier dared to speak,  
 And not a wheel presum'd to creak.  
 My looks my new surprize confess'd,  
 Till by great Malcolm thus address'd :  
 " Spend not thy wits in vain researches ;  
 'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches:  
 From Philadelphia now retreating,  
 To save his anxious troops a beating,  
 With hasty stride he flies in vain,  
 His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain :  
 With various chance the mortal fray  
 Is lengthen'd to the close of day,  
 When his tired bands o'ermatch'd in fight,  
 Are rescued by descending night ;  
 He forms his camp with vain parade,  
 Till ev'ning spreads the world with shade,  
 Then still, like some endanger'd spark,  
 Steals off on tiptoe in the dark ;  
 Yet writes his king in boasting tone,  
 How grand he march'd by light of moon.  
 I see him ; but thou canst not ; proud  
 He leads in front the trembling croud,  
 And wisely knows, if danger's near,  
 'Twill fall the heaviest on his rear.

Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard  
 The scoffs of ev'ry scribbling Bard,  
 Who sing how Gods that fatal night  
 Aided by miracles your flight,  
 As once they used, in Homer's day,  
 To help weak heroes run away ;  
 Tell how the hours at awful trial,  
 Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,  
 While British Joshua stay'd the moon,  
 On Monmouth plains for Ajalon :  
 Heed not their sneers and gibes so arch,  
 Because she set before your march.  
 A small mistake, your meaning right,  
 You take her influence for her light ;  
 Her influence, which shall be your guide,  
 And o'er your Gen'ralship preside.  
 Hence still shall teem your empty skull,  
 With vict'ries when the moon's at full,  
 Which by transition yet more strange,  
 Wane to defeats before the change ;  
 Hence all your movements, all your notions  
 Shall steer by like excentric motions,  
 Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,  
 And dimm'd when Washington arises.  
 And see how Fate, herself turn'd traitor,  
 Inverts the ancient course of nature,  
 And changes manners, tempers, climes,  
 To suit the genius of the times.  
 See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,  
 First guardian of the rights of man,  
 And prompt in firm alliance joins,  
 To aid the Rebels proud designs.  
 Behold from realms of eastern day,  
 His sails innum'rous shape their way,  
 In warlike line the billows sweep,  
 And roll the thunders of the deep.

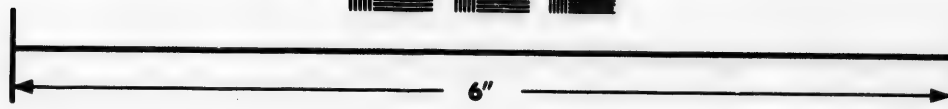
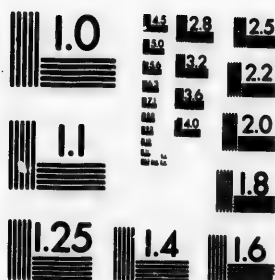
See

See low in equinoctial skies,  
 The Western Islands fall their prize.  
 See British flags o'ermatch'd in might,  
 Put all their faith in instant flight,  
 Or broken squadrons from th' affray,  
 Drag slow their wounded hulks away.  
 Behold his chiefs in daring fetts,  
 D'Estaings, De Grasses and Fayettees,  
 Spread thro' our camps their dread alarms,  
 And swell the fears of rebel-arms.  
 Yet ere our empire sink in night,  
 One gleam of hope shall strike the sight ;  
 As lamps that fail of oil and fire,  
 Collect one glimmering to expire.  
 And lo where southern shores extend,  
 Behold our union'd hosts descend,  
 Where Charlestown views her varying beams,  
 Her turrets gild th' encircling streams.  
 There by superior might compell'd,  
 Behold their gallant Lincoln yield,  
 Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,  
 Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.  
 See furious from the vanquish'd strand,  
 Cornwallis leads his mighty band !  
 The southern realms and Georgian shore  
 Submit and own the victor's pow'r.  
 Lo sunk before his wasting way,  
 The Carolinas fall his prey !  
 In vain embattled hosts of foes  
 Essay in warring strife t' oppose.  
 See shrinking from his conq'ring eye,  
 The rebel legions fall or fly ;  
 And with'ring in these torrid skies,  
 The northern laurel fades and dies.  
 With rapid force he leads his band  
 To fair Virginia's fated strand,  
Triumphant





# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



1.8 2.0 2.2 2.5 2.8 3.2 3.6 4.0

10

Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,  
 And boasts the southern realms his own.  
 Nor yet this hero's glories bright  
 Blaze only in the fields of fight,  
 Not Howe's humanity more deserving,  
 In gifts of hanging and of starving;  
 Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,  
 Or steals more Negroes for Jamaica;  
 Scarce Rodney's self among th' Eustatians,  
 Insults so well the laws of nations;  
 Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning,  
 He yields the laurel crown of burning.  
 I see with rapture and surprize,  
 New triumphs sparkling in thine eyes.  
 But view where now renew'd in might,  
 Again the rebels dare the fight."

I look'd and far in southern skies,  
 Saw Greene, their second hope, arise,  
 And with his small but gallant band,  
 Invade the Carolinian land.  
 As winds in stormy circles whirl'd  
 Rush billowing o'er the darken'd world,  
 And where their wasting fury roves,  
 Successive sweep th' astonish'd groves.  
 Thus where he pours the rapid fight,  
 Our boasted conquests sink in night,  
 And wide o'er all th' extended field,  
 Our forts resign, our armies yield,  
 Till now regain'd the vanquish'd land,  
 He lifts his standard on the strand.

Again to fair Virginia's coast,  
 I turn'd and view'd the British host,  
 Where Chesapeak's wide waters lave  
 Her shores and join th' Atlantic wave.  
 There fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring rose,  
 And scorn'd secure his distant foes;

His

His bands the haughty rampart raise,  
 And bid th' imperial standard blaze.  
 When lo; where ocean's bounds extend,  
 I saw the Gallic sails ascend,  
 With fav'ring breezes stem their way,  
 And croud with ships the spacious bay.  
 Lo Washington from northern shores,  
 O'er many a region, wheels his force,  
 And Rochambeau, with legions bright,  
 Descends in terrors to the fight.  
 Not swifter cleaves his rapid way,  
 The eagle cow'ring o'er his prey,  
 Or knights in fam'd romance that fly  
 On fairy pinions thro' the sky.  
 Amaz'd the Briton's startled pride,  
 Sees ruin wake on ev'ry side;  
 And all his troops to fate consign'd,  
 By instantaneous stroke Burgoyne'd.  
 Not Cadmus view'd with more surprize,  
 From earth embattled armies rise,  
 When by superior pow'r impell'd,  
 He sow'd with dragon's teeth the field.  
 Here Gallic troops in terror stand,  
 There rush in arms the Rebel band;  
 Nor hope remains from mortal fight,  
 Or that last British refuge, flight.  
 I saw with looks downcast and grave,  
 The Chief emerging from his \* cave,  
 (Where chased like hare in mighty round,  
 His hunters earth'd him first in ground)  
 And doom'd by fate to rebel sway,  
 Yield all his captur'd hosts a prey.

There

\* Alluding to the well known fact of Cornwallis's taking up his residence in a cave, during the siege of York-Town.

There while I view'd the vanquish'd town,  
 Thus with a sigh my friend went on :  
 " Beholdst thou not that band forlorn,  
 Like slaves in Roman triumphs borne ;  
 Their faces length'ning with their fears,  
 And cheeks distain'd with streams of tears,  
 Like *dramatis personæ* sage,  
 Equipt to act on Tyburn's stage.  
 Lo these are they, who lur'd by follies,  
 Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis ;  
 True to their King, with firm devotion,  
 For conscience sake and hop'd promotion,  
 Expectant of the promis'd glories,  
 And new Millennial state of Tories.  
 Alas, in vain, all doubts forgetting,  
 They tried th' omnipotence of Britain ;  
 But found her arm, once strong and brave,  
 So shorten'd now she cannot save.  
 Not more aghast departed souls,  
 Who risk'd their fate on Popish bulls,  
 And find St. Peter at the wicket  
 Refuse to countersign their ticket,  
 When driv'n to purgatory back,  
 With all their pardons in their pack :  
 Than Tories must'ring at their stations  
 On faith of royal proclamations.  
 As Pagan Chiefs at ev'ry crisis,  
 Confirm'd their leagues by sacrifices,  
 And herds of beasts to all their deities,  
 Oblations fell at close of treaties :  
 Cornwallis thus in antient fashion,  
 Concludes his league of cap'tulation,  
 And victims due to Rebel-glories,  
 Gives this sin-off'ring up of Tories.  
 See where reliev'd from sad embargo,  
 Steer off consign'd recreant cargo,

Like

Like old scapegoats to roam in pain,  
 Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain.  
 The rest, now doom'd by British leagues,  
 To justice of resentful Whigs,  
 Hold worthless lives on tenure ill,  
 Of tenancy at Rebel-will,  
 While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,  
 The gallows waits his sure reverfions.

Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,  
 Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.  
 See o'er thee hangs in angry skies,  
 Where Whiggish constellations rise,  
 And while plebeian signs ascend,  
 Their mob-inspiring aspects bend ;  
 That baleful Star, whose \* horrid hair  
 Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar !  
 I see the pole, that rears on high  
 Its flag terrific thro' the sky ;  
 The Mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,  
 And tar predestin'd for thy back !  
 Ah quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,  
 Nor wait the darker scenes to come ;  
 For know that Fate's auspicious door,  
 Once shut to flight is oped no more,  
 Nor wears its hinge by various stations,  
 Like Mercy's door in proclamations.

But lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,  
 To stranger visions turn thine eye :  
 Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,  
 And all the mortal mists decay ;  
 See more than human Pow'rs befriending,  
 And lo their hostile forms ascend !

See

\* ----- From his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war.

Milton.

See tow'ring o'er th' extended strand,  
 The Genius of the western land,  
 In vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,  
 And stands, like Tories, drest in plumes.  
 See o'er yon Council seat with pride,  
 How Freedom spreads her banners wide!  
 There Patriotism with torch address'd,  
 To fire with zeal each daring breast!  
 While all the Virtues in their band,  
 Escape from yon unfriendly land,  
 Desert their antient British station,  
 Possess with rage of emigration.  
 Honor, his business at a stand,  
 For fear of starving quits their land;  
 And Justice, long disgraced at Court, had  
 By Mansfield's sentence been transported.  
 Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,  
 Tho' Britain with their longer stay,  
 Care not what George or North would be at,  
 Nor heed their writs of *ne exeat*;  
 But fired with love of colonizing,  
 Quit the fall'n empire for the rising."  
 I look'd and saw with horror smitten,  
 These hostile pow'rs averse to Britain.  
 When lo, an awful spectre rose,  
 With languid paleness on his brows;  
 Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath,  
 And iced his bloated cheeks with death;  
 His tatter'd robes expos'd him bare,  
 To ev'ry blast of ruder air;  
 On two weak crutches propt he stood,  
 That bent at ev'ry step he trod,  
 Gilt titles graced their sides so slender,  
 One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender;"  
 His breastplate grav'd with various dates,  
 "The faith of all th' United States:"

Before

Before him went his fun'ral pall,  
 His grave stood dug to wait his fall.  
 I started, and aghast I cried,  
 "What means this spectre at their side?  
 What danger from a Pow'r so vain,  
 And why he joins that splendid train?"  
 "Alas, great Malcolm cried, experience  
 Might teach you not to trust appearance.  
 Here stands, as dress'd by fierce Bellona,  
 'The ghost of Continental Money,  
 Of dame Necessity descended,  
 With whom Credulity engender'd.  
 'Tho' born with constitution frail,  
 And feeble strength that soon must fail;  
 Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,  
 And gifted with transforming pow'r.  
 His skill the wealth Peruvian joins  
 With diamonds of Brazilian mines.  
 As erst Jove fell by subtle wiles  
 On Danae's apron thro' the tiles,  
 In show'rs of gold; his potent hand  
 Shall shed like show'rs thro' all the land.  
 Less great the magic art was reckon'd,  
 Of tallies cast by Charles the second,  
 Or Law's famed Mississipi schemes,  
 Or all the wealth of Southsea dreams.  
 For he of all the world alone  
 Owns the longfought Philos'pher's stone,  
 Restores the fab'lous times to view,  
 And proves the tale of Midas true.  
 O'er heaps of rags, he waves his wand,  
 All turn to gold at his command,  
 Provide for present wants and future,  
 Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,  
 Adjourn our conquests by effoign,  
 Check Howe's advance and take Burgoyne;  
 Then makes all days of payment vain,  
 And turns all back to rags again.



In vain great Howe shall play his part,  
 To ape and counterfeit his art ;  
 In vain shall Clinton, more belated,  
 A conj'rer turn to imitate it ;  
 With like ill luck and pow'r as narrow,  
 They'll fare, like for'cers of old Pharaoh,  
 Who tho' the art they understood  
 Of turning rivers into blood,  
 And caus'd their frogs and snakes t' exist,  
 That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,  
 Yet ne'er by ev'ry quaint device,  
 Could frame the true Mosaic lice.  
 He for the Whigs his arts shall try,  
 Their first, and long their sole ally ;  
 A patriot firm, while breath he draws,  
 He'll perish in his country's cause ;  
 And when his magic labours cease,  
 Lie buried in eternal peace.

Now view the scenes in future hours,  
 That wait the famed European Pow'rs.  
 See where yon chalky cliffs arise,  
 The hills of Britain strike your eyes :  
 Its small extension long supplied,  
 By vast immensity of pride ;  
 So small, that had it found a station  
 In this new world at first creation,  
 Or were by Justice doom'd to suffer,  
 And for its crimes transported over,  
 We'd find full room for't in lake Eri, or  
 That larger waterpond, Superior,  
 Where North on margin taking stand,  
 Would not be able to spy land.  
 No more, elate with pow'r, at ease  
 She deals her insults round the seas ;  
 See dwindling from her height amain,  
 What piles of ruin spread the plain ;  
 With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,  
 And brambles clothe the cultur'd field !

See

See on her cliffs her Genius lies,  
 His handkerchief at both his eyes,  
 With many a deepdrawn sigh and groan,  
 To mourn her ruin and his own !  
 While joyous Holland, France and Spain,  
 With conq'ring navies rule the main,  
 And Russian banners wide unfurl'd,  
 Spread commerce round the eastern world.  
 And see (sight hateful and tormenting)  
 Th' Amer'can empire proud and vaunting,  
 From anarchy shall change her crasis,  
 And fix her pow'r on firmer basis ;  
 To glory, wealth and fame ascend,  
 Her commerce rise, her realms extend ;  
 Where now the panther guards his den,  
 Her desert forests swarm with men,  
 Her cities, tow'rs and columns rise,  
 And dazzling temples meet the skies ;  
 Her pines descending to the main,  
 In triumph spread the watry plain,  
 Ride inland lakes with fav'ring gales,  
 And croud her ports with whit'ning sails ;  
 Till to the skirts of western day,  
 The peopled regions own her sway."

Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,  
 When thundring thouts his ears assail,  
 And strait a 'Tory that flood centry,  
 Aghast rush'd headlong down the entry,  
 And with wild outcry, like magician,  
 Dispers'd the residue of vision :  
 For now the Whigs intell'gence found  
 Of Tories mustering under ground,  
 And with rude bangs and loud uproar,  
 'Gan thunder furious at the door.  
 The lights put out, each Tory calls  
 To cover him, on cellar walls,

Creeps

Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,  
 To hide his head from wrath of mob,  
 Or lurks, where cabbages in row  
 Adorn'd the side with verdant show,  
 M'Fingal deem'd it vain to stay,  
 And risk his bones in second fray;  
 But chose a grand retreat from foes,  
 In lit'ral sense, beneath their nose.  
 The window then, which none else knew,  
 He softly open'd and crept thro'  
 And crawling slow in deadly fear,  
 By movements wise made good his rear.  
 Then scorning all the fame of martyr,  
 For Boston took his swift departure;  
 Nor dar'd look back on fatal spot,  
 More than the family of Lot.  
 Not North in more distress'd condition,  
 Outvoted first by opposition:  
 Nor good king George when that dire phantom  
 Of Independence comes to haunt him,  
 Which hov'ring round by night and day,  
 Not all his conferrers yet can lay.  
 His friends, assembled for his sake,  
 He wisely left in pawn at stake;  
 To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs  
 Of furious, disappointed mobs,  
 And with their forfeit hides to pay  
 For him, their leader, crept away.  
 So when wise Noah summon'd greeting  
 All animals to gen'ral meeting;  
 From ev'ry side the members sent  
 All kinds of beasts to represent;  
 Each from the flood took care t' embark,  
 And save his carcase in the ark;  
 But as it fares in state and church,  
 Left his constituents in the lurch.

F I N I S.

